Fit "Triplex" -and be safe Riley do

1/-

The Sketch

DINNEFORD'S REGD

Fluid Magnesia

For over a hundred years DINNEFORD'S MAGNESIA has been universally recommended by doctors and nurses as the safe, sure

DINNEFORD'S MAGNESIA

Magnesia Tablets

and gentle remedy for Acidity, Heartburn and other digestive troubles. Now available in Tablets as well as the original and world-famous Fluid.

Eat what you please and digest it with ease!

By Appointment.

PARIPAN
ENAMEL

"The more you wash it, the better it looks."

BRITISH OWNED AND BRITISH MADE.

PARIPAN LIMITED LONDON.

JOHN JAMESON
WHISKEY

DAY BY DAY TAKE J.J.

GLENEAGLES
HOTEL
PERTHSHIRE

The Unrivalled Playground of the World

RESTAURANT AND SLEEPING CAR EXPRESSES BY LMS

Particulars and tariff from L M S Hotel Services, St. Pancras Chambers, London, N.W.1.
Arthur Towle, Controller.

THE ACADEMY OF BEAUTY CULTURE, LTD.

73, NEW BOND STREET, W.1

Telephone: Mayfair 0438

SAFE, PERMANENT and PAINLESS CURE for SUPERFLUOUS HAIR by LATEST VIENNESE METHOD.

PRICE ONE SHILLING: BY INLAND POST, 1/1½
Canada and Newfoundland 1½d.: Foreign 3d.

PRINTED IN ENGLAND AND REGISTERED AS A NEWSPAPER FOR TRANSMISSION IN THE UNITED KINGDOM AND TO CANADA AND NEWFOUNDLAND BY MAGAZINE POST.

PUBLISHING OFFICE: 32-34, ST. BRIDE STREET, E.C.4.

CONTINENTAL HOTELS.

AUSTRIA.

Semmering.—Grand Hotel Panhans.—World-ren'wd hotel of Austrian Alps. 60 miles fr. Vienna. Sports. Cures. Casino de Jeu. Pens. 15/- up.

Hotel Erzherzog Johann of his. fame, sit. on the Semmering Pass and cen. of sports. Mdn. comfs. Pen. 10/- up. Same man. as Grand Panhans.

CZECHOSLOVAKIA.

Franzensbad C.S.R. — Hotel Königsvilla. — The best place for Rheumatic-Heart complaints and Women's functional disorders. Prospectus.

FRANCE.

Antibes.—Hotel Du Cap D'Antibes.— Pavillon Eden Roc Winter and Summer Residence.

Beaulieu-sur-Mer.—Betw. Nice & Monte Carlo. **Bedford Hotel.** 1st. class. Full South. Sea. Tennis. Garage. Park. Pension from Frs. 55.

Cap Martin.—Cap Martin Hotel.—Free bus serv. with Monte Carlo & Menton. Tennis, Swim. pool. 15 acrs. priv. Pk. Incl. fm. 70 frs. bath fm. 85 frs.

Le Touquet.—Hotel des Anglais.—In forest adjoining Casino. Every poss. comf. Large park. Own bus to Golf and Sea. Moderate.

Le Touquet. — Hotel Regina. — Facing Sea, opposite Swimming Pool. 1st class residential hotel. Attractive incl. rates.

GERMANY.

Baden-Baden.—" Bellevue."—The well-known first-class Family Hotel in five acres own park. Most reasonable rates. Prospectus.

Baden-Baden.—Hotel Europe.—Most beautiful pos. opp. Casino. Mod'nly renovated. 200 beds. Rooms from RM.4. Pension from RM.10.

Baden-Baden. — Hotel Frankfurter Hof. — Wholly renov. 1935, Fcg. Kur-park. A home fm. home. Manager's wife English. Prices mod.

Baden-Baden.—Hotel Stadt Strassburg. — Fr. Hoellischer. First-class Family hotel. Full pension from RM.9.

Bad Kissingen.—Staatl.—Kurhaushotel.— World-renowned house. Mineral baths in hotel. Garages.

Bad Kissingen.—Hotel Reichshof.— Distinguished Family Hotel. Garage. Opposite Park.

Bad Nauheim.—The Carlton.—Old establ'd, comfortable, thoroughly up-to-date; except'l position by park. 20 yards from baths.

Bad Schwalbach (Taunus).—**Staatl Kurhotel.**— Every room with private toilet and balcony. Built 1931. Terms from RM. 10.50.

Cologne.–Hotel Comœdienhof.–Nr. Stn. & Cathl. New wg. Dec. '36. Rms. fr. RM: 4., lav. & toil. fm. RM. 6., pr. bath fr. RM.8. Gar. A. Grieshaber, Mgr.

Heidelberg.—Hotel Europe.— First-class. Quiet location in old park. Rooms from RM.5.

Frankfurt - am - Main. — Hotel Excelsior.— Left exit of Central Station. 300 beds, from RM. 4.

Frankfort-on-Main.— Hotel Frankfurter Hof.— Leading, but not expensive. Grillroom. Bar.

Leipzig.—Hotel Astoria.—The latest and most perf. hotel bldg. Select home of Intern. Soc. & Arist'cy. Man. by M. Hartung, Coun. of Com.

Sand.—Kurhaus Sand, R.A.C Hotel.—(2900 ft.) Bk. Forest, nr. Baden-Baden. Lake & sun-b'g., fishing. Incl. terms fm. Mks. 6. Catalogues.

Triberg.— Park Hotel, Wehrle. — The Black Forest Home for English people. First class. Fully illustrated prospectus on demand.

Wiesbaden.—Hotel Schwarzer Bock.—1st-cl. fam. hotel. 300 beds. Med. Bath in hotel. Golf. Tennis. Garage. Pen. from Mk. 9.

Wiesbaden.—Hotel Nassauer Hof.—World-rnd. Finest pos. oppos. Pk. & Op. Wiesbaden Spr'gs. Pat'd by best Brit. Soc. Pen. fr. 12 Mks.

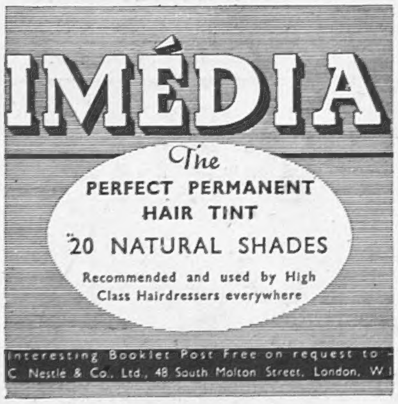
Wiesbaden.—Palast Hotel.—First-class Hotel, opposite Kochbrunnen. Every possible comfort. Own bath-estab. Pension from RM. 10.

Wiesbaden.— Hotel Rose.— World - renowned Hotel, own bathing establishment. Patronised by English & American Soc'y. Pen. fr. Marks 12.

Wiesbaden.—Hotel Vier Jahreszeiten.—(Four Seasons). Select home of Society. Best pos'n. opp. Kurhaus, Opera, Parks. Pen. fm. RM. 12.

SWITZERLAND.

Lausanne. — Belvedere Hotel. — Best position. first - class cuisine, diet. Weekly terms, all inclusive, from £4 0 0.



BRITISH HOTELS.

HOLIDAY OR ADVENTURE?

Well, if you go to the continent the chances are that it will be the latter. If, on the other hand, you stay at the Royal Victoria Hotel this winter, it will be a holiday—a *real* sunny holiday with a famous chef to tempt your palate. 120 feet sun-lounge to make your rest enjoyable. 100 centrally-heated rooms with hot and cold water for your comfort and convenience. Fully licensed. Write for tariff to-day.

ROYAL VICTORIA HOTEL

ST. LEONARDS-ON-SEA. *'Phone: Hastings 869.*

HANS CRESCENT HOTEL

KNIGHTSBRIDGE, S.W.1.

One of the best that London can offer for a flying visit—a long stay—or as a background to weddings and all social functions. Redecorated—Refurnished—Relighted. All modern appointments. Quiet luxury, pre-eminent cuisine. Tariff moderate. Orchestra.

Brochure on request from the Manager. SLOane 3421. Telegrams: " Hancrestel."

CONTINENTAL HOTELS.

CHEZ KORNILOFF—Paris (Etoile)

6, rue d'Armaillé (extension of Avenue Carnot, 3rd Building). Famous French-Russian Restaurant. *Specialities:* blini, caviar, cotelettes Korniloff, grouse, etc.

FLATS.

LATYMER COURT, W.6

RENTS FROM £110 to £250 p.a.

Flats designed for comfort and convenience with every amenity including—Central Heating, Constant Hot Water, Automatic Lifts, House Telephones, Uniformed Staff, Garages, Restaurant, Squash Courts, etc.

PLANS and PARTICULARS from the LETTING OFFICE, LATYMER COURT, W.6. (*Riverside* 3961.)

See MULBERRY CLOSE before you decide! 20 minutes from Town; set on a hill, here you have views across half London, but no noise, no dust. And all at OUT-OF-TOWN RENTALS from £135 to 6 rooms at £325. Send for album of particulars. 17 George Street, Hanover Square, W.1.

MULBERRY CLOSE

Hendon, N.W.4

SEE IT IN SPRINGTIME!

The advantages of living in Hampstead and the convenience of being in Town Flats with well-lighted rooms and every modern convenience at moderate rentals.

ST. JOHN'S COURT

OVER JOHN BARNES' NEW STORE IN FINCHLEY ROAD.

Furnished Show Flats are open for inspection. Descriptive Booklet on request to Messrs. Hillier, Parker, May & Rowden, 27, Maddox St., W. 1. *Telephone:* Mayfair 7666, or The Letting Office, St. John's Court, N.W. 3. *Telephone: Maida Vale* 6310.

• A new kind of sock. Self-supporting, suspenderless. The special patented design with a top band containing Lastex yarn does the trick. They can't come down. They don't let you down. No drag, no tension and no wrinkles. From 4/6. Obtainable from: Army and Navy Stores, Austin Reed, Colletts, Fortnum & Mason, Gieves, Harrods, Hawes & Curtis, Meakers, Morgan & Ball, Selfridges, Simpsons and other good hosiers.

TENOVA
self-supporting socks

Patent No. 323457. Reg. Design 748974.
Tenova Ltd., 157-161 Regent Street London, W.1. Regent 2424.

LOOK AT MY TEETH

SNOWY WHITE AND PERFECT—THANKS TO

Dr. PIERRE'S *Liquid* DENTIFRICE

Antiseptic and refreshing—a carefully blended combination of aromatic oils.

2/- to 8/6 from Chemists and Stores.

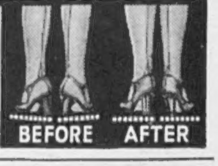
£30 to £5000 LENT

without any Security to LADIES or GENTLEMEN. Write RICHMOND INVESTMENTS LTD. 4, The Green, Richmond, Surrey.

Private CASH Advances
By W. H. DURHAM LIMITED,
14, Clifford Street, London, W.1. Est. 1913
£50 to £5,000
Without Security

CROOKED HEELS

Dr. Scholl's Walk Strates prevent heels running over; preserve shape of shoe. Worn with comfort. Chemists and Dr. Scholl's Depots, 1/- per pr.



BALDNESS

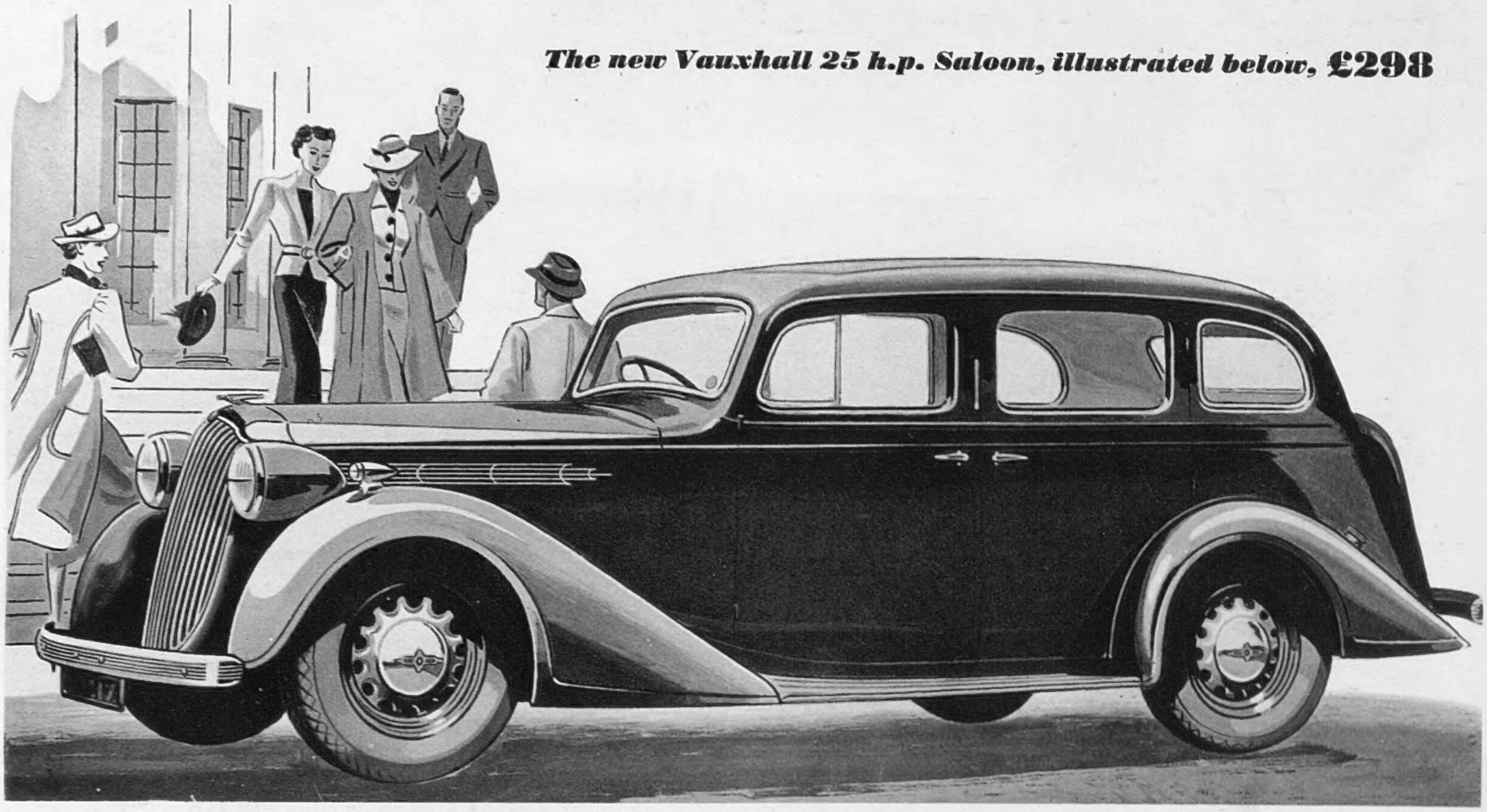
is inevitably conspicuous . . . and labels even the young man as old . . . . socially and in business this is a handicap that is easily overcome by a

CHAVENTRE TOUPET

The Natural Hair Covering.
Write for Booklet 14 *or call:*
289 Oxford Street, LONDON, W.1

"Whenever I see hands in a stocking I think, 'Ah, Aristoc!'"
That's because Aristoc and the hand-in-the-stocking have come to stand for one and the same thing: a pure silk stocking of beauty, strength and quality that is truly the 'Aristocrat of Silk Stockings.'
× × × 3/11 TO 10/6
Aristoc
Regd. Trade Mark
THE ARISTOCRAT OF SILK STOCKINGS
Manufactured by Aristoc Ltd., Nottingham, and distributed to the trade only by W. L. Arber Ltd., 99 Gt. Portland St., London, W.1

The new Vauxhall 25 h.p. Saloon, illustrated below, £298



Built to meet world competition

in price, performance and complete motoring satisfaction

If you need it, the new Vauxhall 25 h.p. will travel at 80 m.p.h. and it has fine acceleration and top gear performance.

Its independent springing provides the most restful ride in motoring, and No-Draught Ventilation ensures draught-free fresh air for every passenger. Its "Body Conformity" front seats give you a new idea of seating comfort.

It has ample head, leg and elbow room for five people, and has a large capacity built-in luggage boot at the rear.

Its "double-safety" hydraulic brakes are smooth and extremely powerful.

The new Vauxhall 25 h.p. saloon costs £298.

Discover for yourself the marvellous value for money — at your local Vauxhall dealer's showrooms.

RIDING IS CHANGED TO GLIDING

NATIONAL DEMONSTRATION of Vauxhall Independent Springing

Vauxhall National Demonstration fleets are now touring the country showing how riding is changed to gliding with Independent Springing. Watch for the visit of the fleet at your local Vauxhall dealer's. Dates supplied on request.

THE NEW VAUXHALL 25 *h.p.*

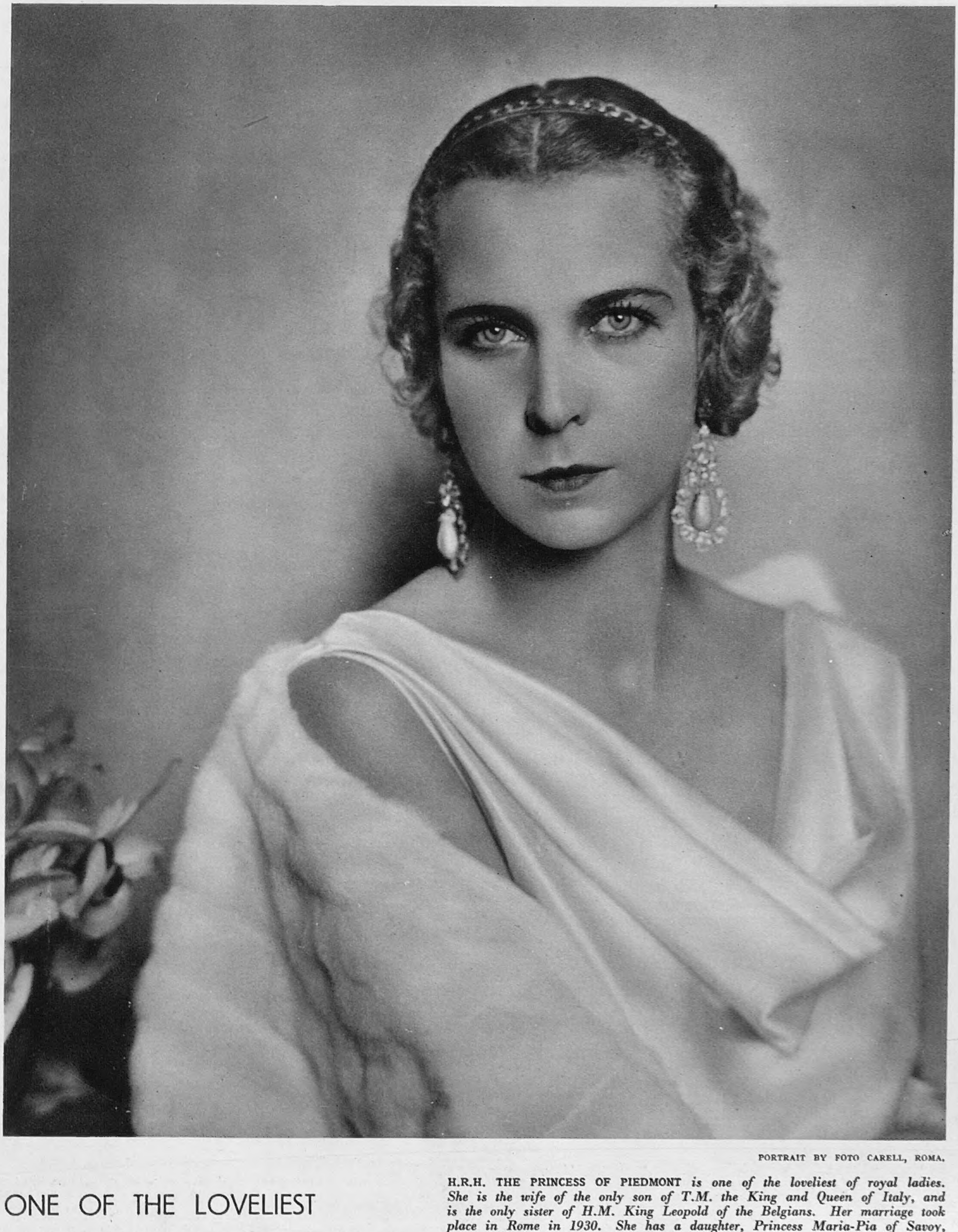
Other models, Wingham Drophead Cabriolet, £400; Grosvenor Sports Saloon, £345; Grosvenor 7-Seater Limousine £575. Catalogues from Vauxhall Motors Ltd., Luton.

If you want a smaller car, with most of the above features, try a Vauxhall 12 or 14 h.p. Saloons from £195

COMING HOME? GOING ABROAD? You can exchange your car for a new Vauxhall to be delivered ANYWHERE.

The Sketch

No. 2307—Vol. CLXXVIII. WEDNESDAY, APRIL 14, 1937. ONE SHILLING.



PORTRAIT BY FOTO CARELL, ROMA.

ONE OF THE LOVELIEST OF ROYAL LADIES.

H.R.H. THE PRINCESS OF PIEDMONT *is one of the loveliest of royal ladies. She is the wife of the only son of T.M. the King and Queen of Italy, and is the only sister of H.M. King Leopold of the Belgians. Her marriage took place in Rome in 1930. She has a daughter, Princess Maria-Pia of Savoy, born in 1934, and a baby son who was born on February 12 of this year. He has the title of Prince of Naples and, on the occasion of his preliminary christening, he received twelve names—Vittorio Emanuele Alberto Carlo Teodoro Umberto Bonifacio Amedeo Damiano Bernardino Gennaro and Maria.*

MOTLEY NOTES.

By ALAN KEMP.

THE MILKY WAY.

WHEN a patriotic citizen sees his country threatened by an insidious danger, it is his duty to speak out in no uncertain tones. That is what I am about to do; so don't say you haven't been warned! I may be a voice crying in the wilderness, but it will not be my fault if England goes to the dogs.

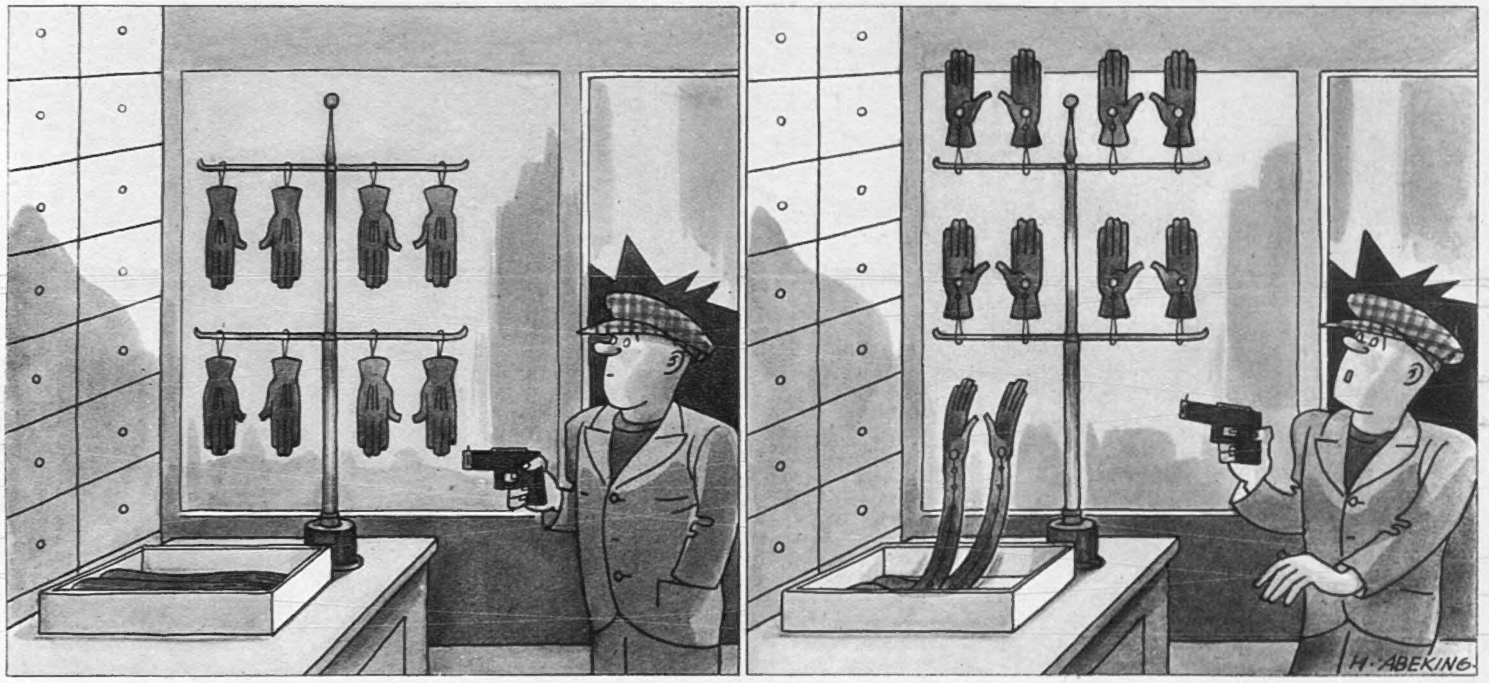
As a matter of fact, I should not mind so much if she were merely going to the dogs; what I do mind is that she is going to the cows, which is far more serious. For some time past I have been growing more and more uneasy at the growth of an institution called (revoltingly) the Milk Bar. At first I did not take it very seriously, but it now confronts me wherever I go, and it is rapidly reaching the dimensions of a National Menace. Little knowing what they are letting themselves in for, people are taking this thing for granted as part of our social existence. Last Christmas, at a pantomime, I was pained to hear a comedian sing a ditty entitled "Let 's Have a Tiddly at the Milk Bar." Of course, it was all a merry jest, but these corrupting influences begin as merry jests, and then, before you know where you are, they become social problems. I must say that that song filled my mind with the darkest forebodings. I had a blasting vision of two of my fellow-countrymen—in whose veins, so to speak, ran the beer of generations of Britons—standing up at a sort of refreshment counter, littered with wholemeal scones, currantless buns, and digestive biscuits, and being frightfully hearty and convivial. I seemed to hear one say to the other, "What 's yours, George?"; and the other reply, "Half-a-pint of Grade A, thanks, old man." "Straight or boiled?" "Oh, *boiled*—mother always told me to have it boiled. And a dash of dill-water." "Right. Hi, Miss! One half-pint of Grade A, boiled, with a dash of dill-water, and one half-pint of barley-water and a charcoal biscuit. . . . Well, here 's happy days, old man!" "Skin off your nose, old chap!"

And I reflected that if the day ever comes when Englishmen so betray the traditions of their race, then they ought to take their milk not out of tumblers and mugs, but out of bottles with rubber teats. And that is what they *will* do, mark my words, if they go on like this. And yet we talk about a Physical Efficiency Campaign! What sort of physical efficiency shall we get from a nation of human churns? The effect of milk-poisoning upon the human constitution is simply appalling. Water is bad enough—as Dan Leno used to say, "It rots old boots: what must it do to the human stomach?" But milk! It turns bone and muscle and sinew into butter, and inferior cooking-butter at that. It turns men's brains into cheese and their blood into whey. I affirm without fear of contradiction that milk-addicts are not only what Macbeth called "whey-faced loons," but they behave and think cheesily. The Milky Way is notoriously nebulous. A bishop once said that he would rather see England free than sober, and although I do not advocate dipsomania as a national recreation, I would rather see England dipsomaniac than galactomaniac.

It is not that I have any prejudice against milk as such. I recognise that it has many valuable uses. I take it in my tea, I find that it is much appreciated by my cat, and I am staggered by the quantity of it which my children consume. So far as my waistline permits, I approve of butter, cheese and cream, and I fully admit that milk has an important bearing on these commodities. I believe milk has many other uses, not so generally known. They tell me that when curdled and treated by ingenious chemists, it makes umbrella-handles, ash-trays, "stationer's fancy notions," and all sorts of handy knick-knacks. And then, of course, it makes rice-puddings, it is useful for soup, and it goes well with rum or brandy on a cold morning; though, as against these merits, candour compels me to admit that it also makes blanc-mange. No, I say nothing against milk *qua* milk—indeed, from this very rostrum I have, ere now, paid a humble tribute to the cow and the important place which it occupies in human society. But I do contend that milk was intended by nature as a *food*, and that it was not meant to be used by human beings as a beverage—at least, not after the age of six months; and I maintain that if it ever takes the place of beverages which *are* beverages, it will curdle the manhood of this nation. We shall become a nation of molly-curdles.

We already have one awful warning before our eyes. Largely as the result of Prohibition, milk-drinking has become one of the national vices of the United States. The amount consumed is beyond belief. All classes of the community are in the grip of this demoralising habit—not only gangsters and tough guys, but apparently the most respectable people as well, from the President downwards. You see the most terrible things happening openly, in public. You see strong men and decent citizens standing up at counters and drinking enormous jorums not merely of milk, but of milk coloured cyclamen-pink or Nile-green, and containing all sorts of nauseating flavours, to make it as nearly as possible resemble hair-restorer. This habit is undoubtedly responsible for half the crime in the United States. This is what will happen to us if we don't look out. As the drunkard descends from brandy to methylated spirits, so we will descend from milk to pink milk flavoured with vanilla. The next step will be the soda-fountain. But at that point my imagination—fortunately—fails.

There was a formidable female once, named Carrie Nation, who used to go round smashing all the saloons with a hatchet. That is what I should like to do to the Milk Bars. Otherwise, I can see only one safeguard. I don't think the women of England will ever become galactomaniacs. The effects of crude milk on the contours are well known, and I fancy that all slimming Englishwomen—which is as much as to say all Englishwomen whatsoever—in the matter of milk will be Total Abstainers. Thank Heaven for that!



"STICK 'EM UP!" [DRAWN BY H. ABEKING.

HAMISH McDUFF AGAIN.

TRIUMPHANT RESTAURATEUR: "No maka the tin!"
HAMISH McDUFF: "No! But maka the stymie."

DRAWN BY FRANK REYNOLDS.

"WHEN I WAS LAST A-FISHING."

DURING the past three years some interesting experiments in the culture of roach have been carried out by the Yorkshire Fishery Board, at the suggestion and under the control of Mr. S. H. Smith, J.P., F.Z.S. Little was known of the spawning habits of roach before these experiments were made. Therefore, when a start was made in 1934, Mr. Smith, assisted by Mr. John Paton, attendant at the Keld Head Hatchery, had to rely on their own ideas. A dozen fine roach were placed in the experimental pond, and in due course they ripened. Just as arrangements were completed to strip the fish, an otter visited the pond during the night, and that was that. Next year, 150 stock fish were placed in the ponds, and no attempt made to strip them. The fish undoubtedly spawned, as a few dozen fry were netted subsequently, but what happened to the bulk of the fry was not known. Mr. Scott and the hatchery keeper determined to get to the bottom of the mystery, and Mr. K. R. Allen, B.A., of Wray Castle Biological Station, was invited to devise means of making the pond proof against enemies of all kinds, from water-beetles to rats, herons, and otters, a varied and dangerous "army" to have to defeat.

MR. ION VILLIERS STUART, *Master of the West Waterford (centre) is shown with* MR. A. C. CROSSLEY, M.P., *on the famous Blackwater river, near Fermoy. The ghillie is holding a* NICE TWENTY-POUNDER *landed by Mr. Villiers Stuart.*

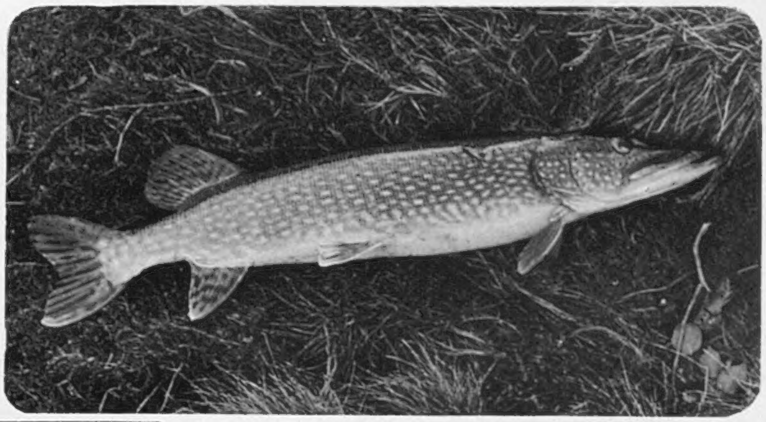
26,500 Eggs in 8-Inch Roach.

Thus was success achieved in 1936. On May 15, Mr. Paton noticed the fish becoming restless, and on the 17th the first female spawned in a clump of willow-moss in the centre of the pond. Great excitement was manifested by all the fish, which swam rapidly in and out of the moss, to the branches of which the ova adhere like minute fruit. Their movements appear to have a definite purpose in assisting with the impregnation and distribution of the eggs, also possibly with the aeration of the ova. The number of ova produced by an 8-inch roach was calculated at 26,500, and each egg is about 1-16th in. in diameter. The ova became "eyed" on the sixth day, and the hatching was completed in twelve days. Ova removed from the pond and placed in a glass tank in still water did not hatch out in eighteen days, but hatched immediately they were transferred to running water. The fry are described by Mr. Smith as transparent, and only ⅛-in. in length. They have a yolk sac similar to salmon and trout alevins, but it is too small to see without a magnifying glass. The yolk sac is absorbed in about six days, and the little fish show signs of activity after three or four days. The rate of growth was carefully watched, and in two months the fry were ⅝-in. long, and in just over four months they were 1¼ in. in length. These experiments prove that it is possible for angling clubs to run their own breeding-ponds and to rear roach for re-stocking.

MR. F. BARKER, *of Coventry, is posed with the* 28-LB. SALMON *he caught in the Builth Wells Angling Association Waters at the Aber Pool, on the Wye.*

An Easter Interlude.

If salmon-fishing on the Wye at Easter was not very brisk, three anglers at least had quite an exciting interlude with a pike on Easter Sunday. Perhaps I should mention that pike are regarded as vermin on the Wye, and on some reaches any method of removing them is approved. My friend Sidney Spencer, author of several angling books, told me that he and Mr. Victor Hyde-Hartley were fishing Dr. Jakobi's beat on the Whitney Court water. As a relief from spinning for salmon, which apparently did not exist, they decided to look for a trout. While so engaged, Mr. Hyde-Hartley spotted a pike lying close to the bank in about two feet of water. With a proper sense of their responsibility to the owner of the water, they decided that the pike must come out. There are better weapons for removing pike than a trout-rod, but none other was within their convenient reach. An apology for a spinner was created by wrapping silver foil round a hook. The pike very properly ignored this monstrosity, but when perchance the hook happened to stick in its flank, away it fled upstream, shedding the hook on the way. However, the pike settled down in plain view again, whereupon Mr. Hyde-Hartley tried a small fly spoon. Strange to say, the tiny hook caught in the pike's back, but only for a second or two, as the fish departed in great haste. Even so, it had not escaped its pursuers, as presently Mr. Spencer spotted it just beyond a footbridge spanning a small backwater. Mr. D. Jakobi was posted on the bridge, armed with a big branch to splash if the pike showed signs of running back to the river. Mr. Spencer took the rod, and at the first attempt hooked the pike in the corner of the jaw—exclamation mark, as Stainless Stephen would say—and the fun



This TYPICAL WYE PIKE OF 9 LB., *fattened on a diet of salmon parr, is the central figure in an Easter Interlude described in this article by Mr. Marston.*

began. Several times the pike made determined rushes towards the bridge, beyond control of the little rod and 3x gut, but the vigorous splashings of Mr. D. Jakobi made it turn tail. Once the line see-sawed under a snag, but Mr. Hyde-Hartley cleared it at the risk of a ducking. In about a quarter of an hour the pike was beaten and was gently guided into shallow water, where Mr. Hyde-Hartley was waiting to pounce on it. The weight was 9 lb., and, according to Mr. Spencer, the nicest-shaped pike he had ever seen.

I HAVE HEARD THAT—

While a fishing contest was in progress on South Pier, Lowestoft, the competitors were treated to an unexpected demonstration of how to catch, kill, and eat a 1½-lb. codling in five minutes. The demonstration was given by a seal.

Another outstanding week was recorded on the Tweed for the week ending April 3. Nearly 500 salmon were killed, and eleven anglers had double-figure one-day catches; Colonel T. G. Taylor having the highest score of sixteen in one day, and Mr. J. P. Brocklebank coming next with fourteen.

Better sport has been had on the Tay. The Duke of Portland had 20 fish up to 33 lb. for the week ending April 3. On March 27 he had 7 salmon weighing 143 lb.

R. L. MARSTON.

The Editor of "The Sketch" is always pleased to consider, with a view to publication, readers' photographs of fishing subjects suitable for use not only in this article, but in other positions in "The Sketch." All photographs sent on approval should be very fully titled, should bear the name and address of the sender, and should be addressed to the Editor of "The Sketch," Illustrated House, 32-34, St. Bride Street, London, E.C.4. Any photograph used will be paid for at our usual rates.

AT ALDERTON FOR THE BEAUFORT HUNT 'CHASES.

The DUKE and DUCHESS OF BEAUFORT are here seen at the Beaufort Hunt Point-to-Point 'Chases held at Alderton.

MR. MICHAEL HORNBY (l.) and MRS. MICHAEL HORNBY were snapped in conference with CAPTAIN CARR.

LADY APSLEY watched the races from her car, with her second son, the HON. GEORGE BERTRAM BATHURST.

Right: Lunch was enjoyed in comfort by the party assembled round this table. They are (l. to r.) CAPTAIN HILL, SIR GERARD FULLER, BT., MR. FULLER, LADY SLADE, and SIR ALFRED SLADE, Master of the Avon Vale.

The DOWAGER DUCHESS OF BEAUFORT, SIR JAMES SCOTT-DOUGLAS, BT., of Springwood, his mother, LADY BLANCHE SCOTT-DOUGLAS, LADY CATHLEEN ELIOT, younger daughter of Lady Blanche, and MR. MICHAEL CRICHTON are the people in this group.

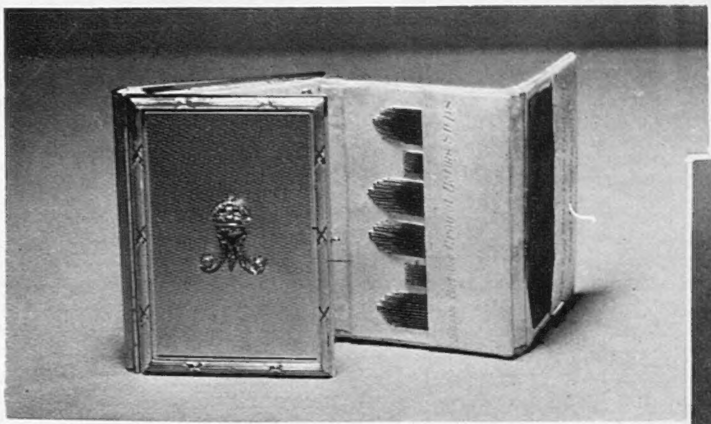
Right: The COUNTESS OF WESTMORLAND, MISS JUNE CAPEL, NURSE PAIN, MISS ANNE CAPEL, and the HON. ROBERT CECIL are seen (l. to r.) in this lunch-time group. The Misses Capel are daughters of Lady Westmorland.

THIS LOVELY SCARLET COAT *was worn by Queen Victoria when she was reviewing troops. It has been lent to the Exhibition of Royal Treasures by H.M. the King.*

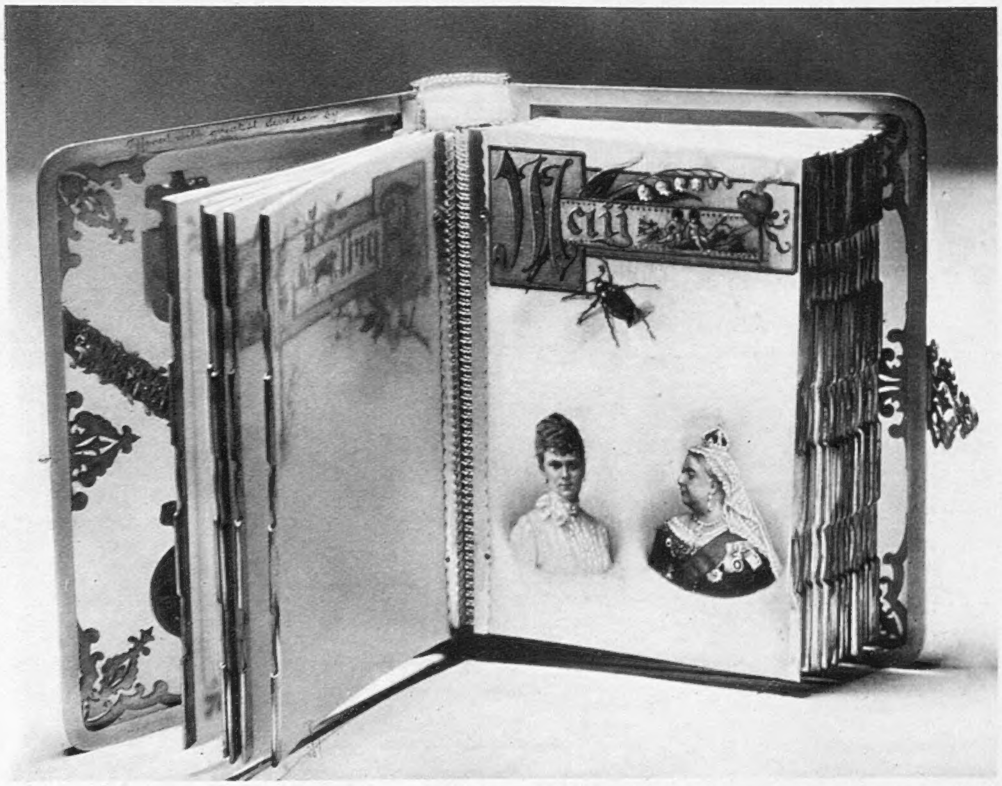
KING HAL'S GIFT TO ANNE BOLEYN; QUEEN VICTORIA'S REVIEW JACKET; AND OTHER ROYAL TREASURES.

THE ROYAL TREASURES EXHIBITION in aid of Westminster Hospital opened to the public on Monday last at 5, Great Stanhope Street, W.1, and will continue until May 15. The objects on view include some fine portraits and many objets d'art, relics and personal possessions owned by, or associated with, royal personages.

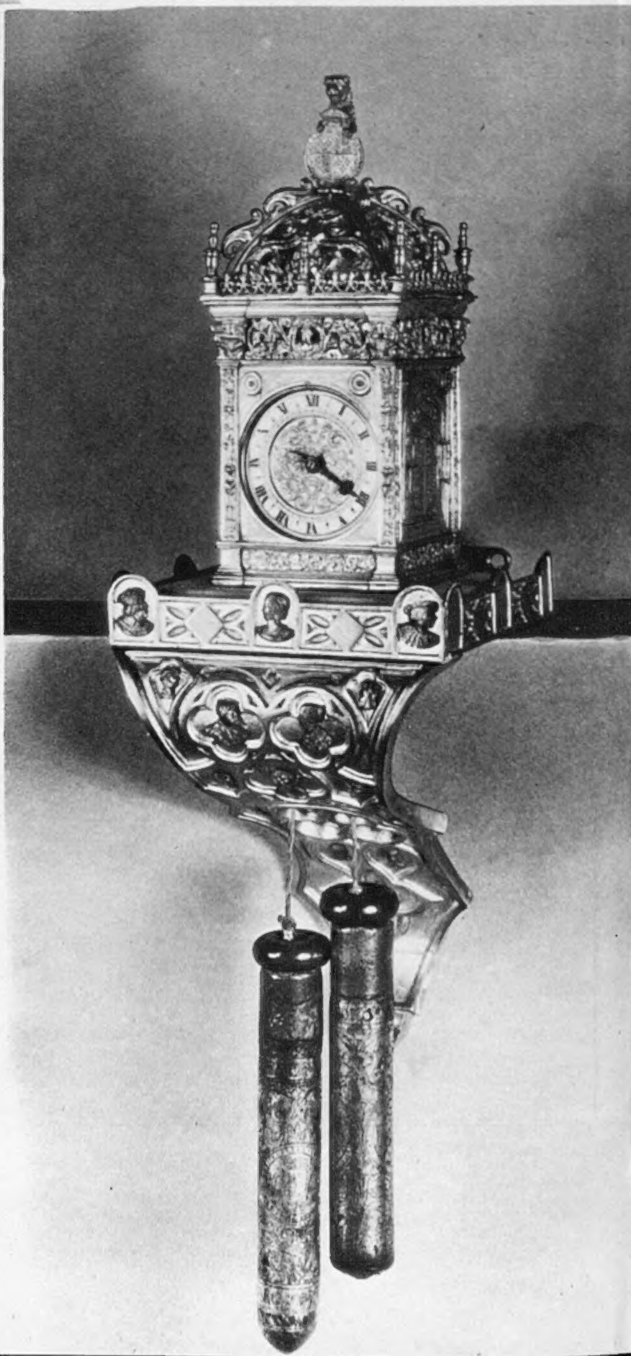
A CHAIR ASSOCIATED WITH THREE QUEENS *has been lent t H.M. Queen Mary. It belonged to Queen Alexandra, and t needlework seat was worked by Queen Mary in a design copi from a chair at Osborne belonging to Queen Victoria.*



Right: A GOLD NEEDLE-CASE *in the shape of a book, with an " M " in diamonds beneath a crown. It was presented to the Queen by the Worshipful Company of Needlemakers at the Coronation of King George V. and Queen Mary. It is lent by H.M. Queen Mary.*



A BIRTHDAY BOOK *containing miniatures in ivory of several members of the Royal Family. The cover bears the arms of England and of Teck in gold and enamel. The title, " Leaves of Remembrance," is in diamonds. Lent by H.M. the Queen.*



Right: A SUPERB CLOCK *given by Henry VIII. to Anne Boleyn. It is usually kept in the Royal Library at Windsor and has been lent to the exhibition by H.M. the King.*

PHOTOGRAPH BY ANTHONY.

AN R.A. PAINTS AN ACTRESS FOR THE R.A.

Our striking camera-study shows MR. WILFRID G. DE GLEHN, R.A., *at work on his portrait of* MISS JANE BAXTER, *the well-known young actress, which he is exhibiting in the Coronation Year Royal Academy. Mr. de Glehn was elected an A.R.A. in 1923 and an R.A. in 1932. Miss Baxter is playing Frankie in the successful comedy " George and Margaret," at Wyndham's.*

CORONATION SEASON AT COVENT GARDEN: ARTISTS IN THE FIRST WEEK'S PROGRAMME.

MME. MARIE LASCAR *will be Allaine (an acting rôle) in* "ARIANE ET BARBE-BLEUE," *at Covent Garden, on the second night of the Coronation Season. This opera is a novelty here and is being presented by the Paris Opera and Opéra-Comique. The book is by Maeterlinck; to music by Dukas. It was first produced in 1911.*

MME. MAFALDA FAVERO *is to make her Covent Garden début as Norina in* "DON PASQUALE," *by Donizetti, to be given on the third night of the Coronation Season, April 21.*

Left: MME. ODETTE RENAUDIN, *soprano from the Opéra Comique, Paris, is to sing in* "ARIANE ET BARBE-BLEUE," *to be presented for the first time at Covent Garden, on April 20.*

MME. EBE TICOZZI *is to sing the rôle of Emilia in Verdi's fine opera* "OTELLO," *which has been chosen to open the Coronation Season at Covent Garden.*

MME. FERNANDA CIANI *is to make her début at Covent Garden on the opening night of the coming season, Monday, April 19, when she is to sing Desdemona in Verdi's* "OTELLO." *She has had a rapid rise to success in Italy and is famous for her rendering of this part.*

KATHARINE HEPBURN AS PHŒBE OF "QUALITY STREET."

Radio Pictures' version of Sir James Barrie's very delightful play "QUALITY STREET" was trade-shown last week at the Piccadilly Theatre, and all film enthusiasts will anxiously await its premier presentation. KATHARINE HEPBURN and FRANCHOT TONE play the leading rôles, those of Phœbe and Valentine Brown, and Miss Hepburn not only gives an admirable performance, but looks enchanting in the early nineteenth-century costumes in which she appears in the picture.

CAVIAR AND CABBAGES.

By MOLLY CASTLE.

XV.—THE CO-EDS' DREAM MAN: ROBERT TAYLOR.

THERE are psychologists who claim that our realisation of beauty is one-tenth appreciation and nine-tenths memory reflex. In other words, we still think beautiful the things we liked when we were young and adolescent and impressionable, such as looks like those of the young men in the collar "ads," little girls with ringlets, and, of course, the pies that mother used to bake.

That explains Robert Taylor's fan-mail. The schoolgirls love him because his looks are the ideal of everything a girl could dream about. The Mommas think he's pretty good too, because they remember that time Way Back. They 've added an extra man to the Culver City post-office staff to cope with his 8000-a-week mash mail. He 's got all those things you go for when you 're very young and quite often keep after later in life: a square chin with a dimple in it; shiny hair which sweeps back with a wave; charm; eyes that have a laugh in them, and that sort of a mouth. Also he 's six feet tall and broad in the right places.

Back in 1932 there was no such person as Robert Taylor (or if there were, it was two other fellows). There was a young freshman at Pomona University whose name was S. Arlington Brough, pronounced Brew, and, in fact, generally pronounced, by his fellow-students, Home Brew. The reason it got changed later in life was because no one could afford to put up in lights: "S. Arlington Brough, pronounced collégienne's heart-throb."

One day I went down to the studio to watch Bob Taylor and Barbara Stanwyck work. They were making one of those fancy-dress affairs which Hollywood has taken up with such fervour. It was called "This is My Affair." It may be prejudice on my part, but I 've always thought that being in fancy dress is inclined to make people act crazy (for instance, imagine the soberness of the Chelsea Arts Ball without the masquerade), and if not crazy, then certainly a little stiff under the collar. But still, Robert Taylor in the costume of the Edwardians—or whatever the period was called in America—may be very good indeed for just that memory reflex.

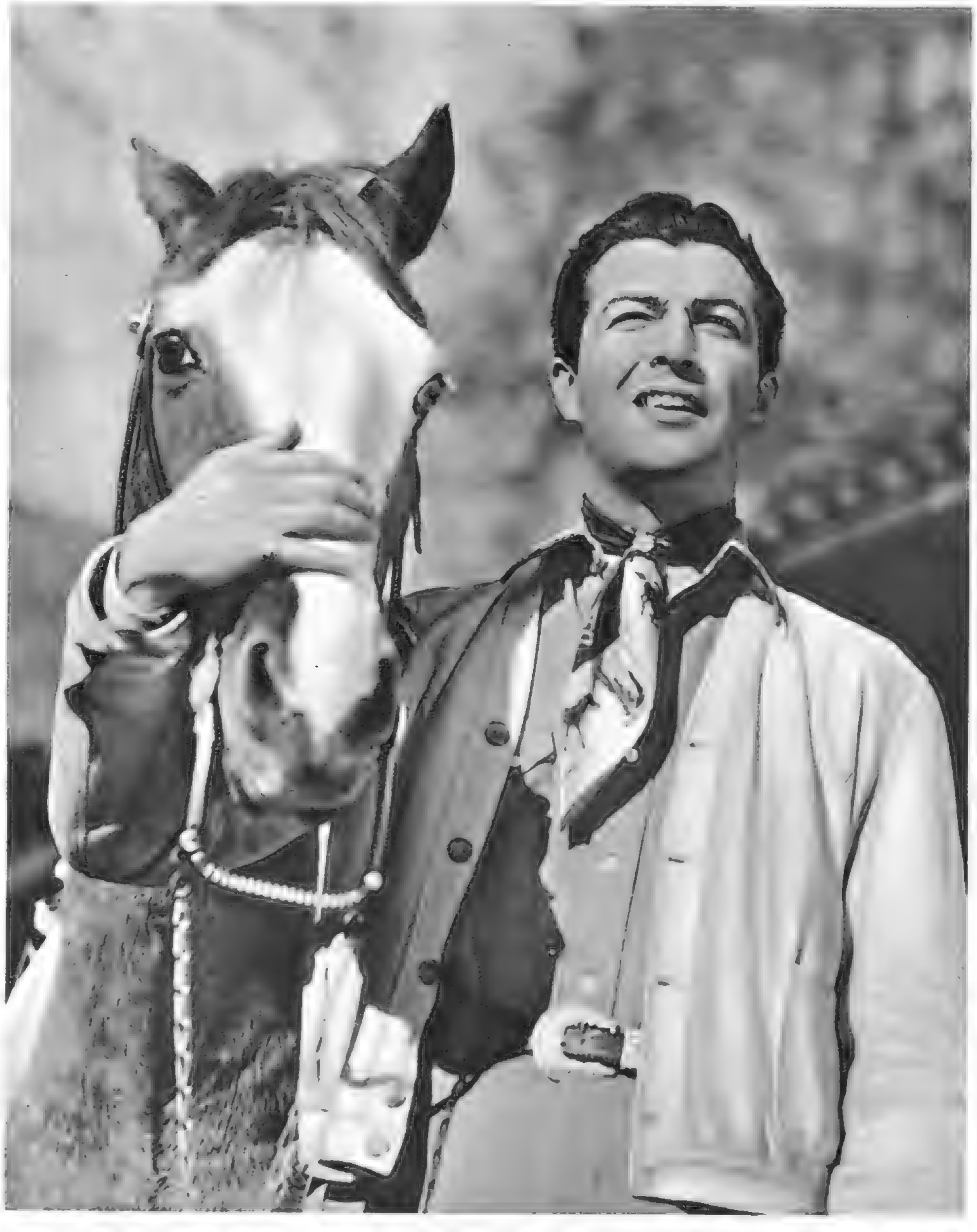
However, our interview was not entirely a success, because, what right, I asked myself, has a young man dressed like that (though looking, in spite of it, unmistakably modern) to be talking about his enthusiasm for racing motor-cars, his need for an open car and the opportunity to drive it swiftly every day of his life? Fifteen miles an hour would have broken speed records in *my* day, protested his side-whiskers. They were making colour stills, using a very expensive process. Each picture cost several hundred dollars. Barbara was all in black—sequins, I think—and she glittered. Her hat was a big one and entirely surrounded by ospreys, and the fan was made of ospreys too. When they had finished the stills, Barbara swished off in the way you can swish when you 're dressed in tulle and sequins, and Bob and I went on talking about cars. It seems they are quite a passion with him.

He likes horses, too, and rides a six-gaited horse almost every evening at Bel Air. He 's buying a ranch alongside the ranch that Barbara Stanwyck owns. They go out there a good deal, and they were waiting eagerly at that time for some new-born foals to arrive; wanted to dash out to the ranch and be there when they first stood up. One of the blessed events was coming to a miniature Shetland pony. Bob figured that the foal would be just about the size of a full-grown Scotty dog. Meanwhile, until the ranch-house is finished, and even afterwards, when he is working, Bob lives in a nice white, one-storeyed house a short distance away from his mother's, which is more imposing.

In the second storey of his mother's house, two girl-secretaries work day and sometimes even night answering all the fan-mail that isn't taken care of at the studio. Bob doesn't even read the letters, so you may as well address yours direct to either Virginia or Louise.

Bob's is a masculine household, with a masculine dog named Sport, who is also an alarm-clock: he howls outside Bob's window at waking-up time. There's a man servant, Joe, and a kitchen for Joe's benefit: Bob eats out. There 's a small gymnasium and a smaller bedroom, and a pretty large cupboard with almost as many suits as Goering. There are fifty sweaters, too, and Bob gets more all the time. Someone once published that he collects them, and they come in with the fan-mail. (This ought to bring a few more.) Also he plays tennis and the piano, likes to swim, loves the theatre, and goes to every new play in or around Hollywood.

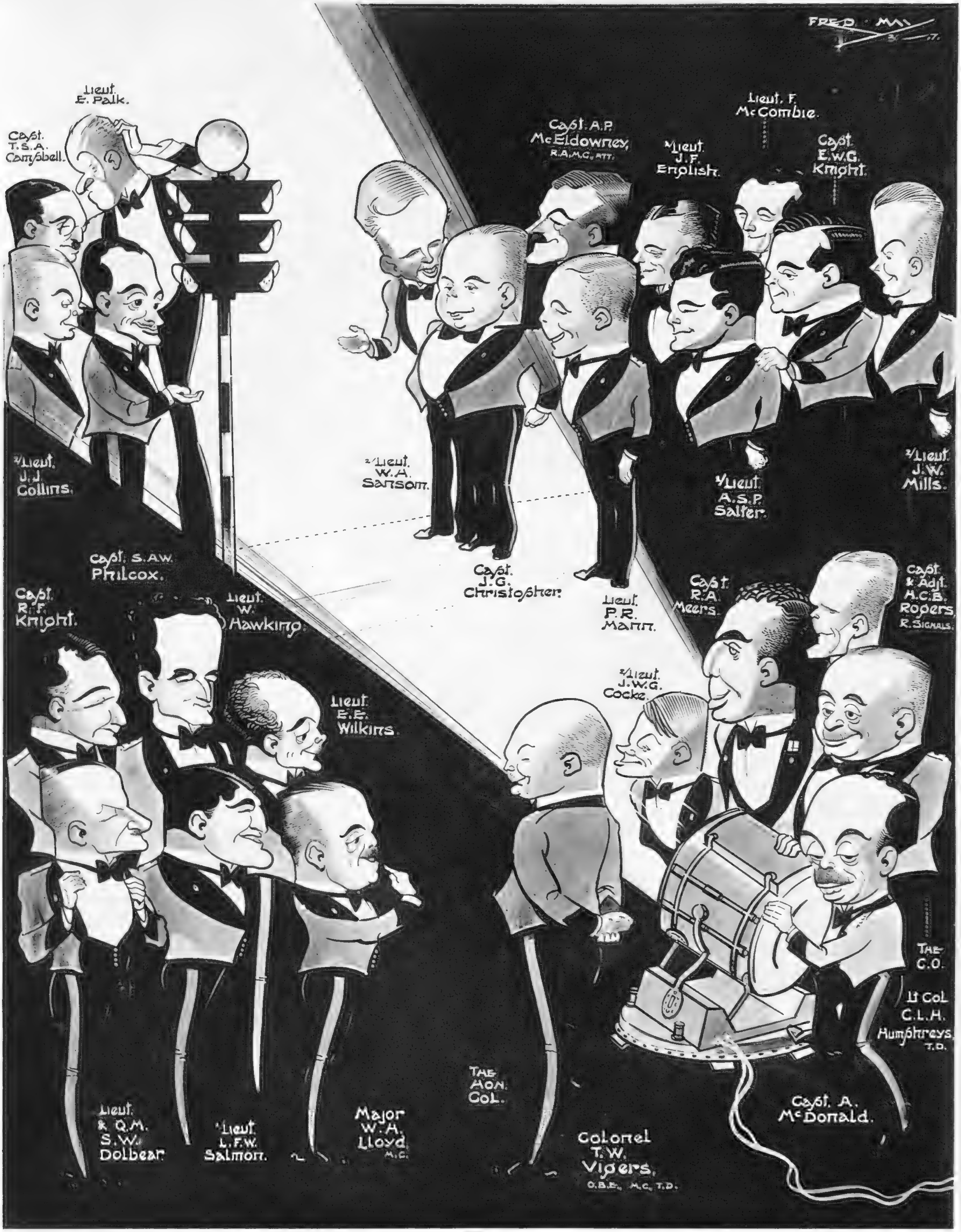
Once he planned to be a doctor, but he 's glad now he didn't succeed. Bad enough having to get up at six in the morning to work in films, without having to arise and go forth in the middle of the night, as his dad frequently had to do. But in those college days he studied psychology, so he too knows what it means when jealous colleagues call him "Collar Ad." He still hates it, though.



MR. ROBERT TAYLOR, *who is discussed by Molly Castle in this week's article, is here posed with his favourite horse.*

ROBERT TAYLOR'S FRESH FRUIT SALAD.

When he 's working, Robert Taylor likes a light luncheon, but one with plenty of vitamins. His fresh fruit salad combines sliced nectarines, sliced kadota figs, and raspberries arranged in layers on crisp lettuce, with the berries forming the top layer. A French honey dressing goes with this salad, and is made this way. Take 3 tablespoonfuls of lemon juice and combine with 6 of salad oil, ¼ teaspoonful salt, ¼ teaspoonful paprika, and a ¼ cup clear honey. It must be stirred or shaken thoroughly before serving.



SENIOR SIGNAL UNIT OF THE T.A.

A recent Guest Night of the LONDON CORPS SIGNALS, T.A., *was duly attended by Fred May in "Sketch" capacity. Its origin: formed in 1886 as the 2nd London Divisional R.E., the Telegraph Company of that Unit became the 47th (2nd London) Divisional Signals and did excellent work in France during the war. In 1936 it became the London Corps Signals—a Unit of the Royal Corps of Signals. It is the oldest and, therefore, the senior Signal Unit of the T.A.*

THE MARRIAGE OF A CORONATION GOLD STAFF OFFICER.

The marriage of CAPTAIN IAN CONSTABLE MAXWELL, elder son of the Hon. Bernard and Mrs. Constable Maxwell, to MISS JAN RICARDO, eldest daughter of Lt.-Colonel and Mrs. Ricardo, was solemnised at St. James', Spanish Place. The bridegroom will do duty at the Coronation as a Gold Staff Officer.

LADY GRENFELL, formerly Miss Betty Shaughnessy, was a guest at the wedding. She is with MRS. MICHAEL BARNE.

MISS URSULA CONSTABLE MAXWELL and MR. MICHAEL CONSTABLE MAXWELL are seen outside the church.

MRS. EVAN GIBBS'S small son, MICHAEL GIBBS, was a page. The pages wore red cassocks and net surplices.

MRS. BROCAS BURROWS, formerly Miss Molly Le Bas, wore a particularly chic spring ensemble and a spray of orchids.

The EARL MARSHAL, who is a cousin of the bridegroom, attended the wedding with the DUCHESS OF NORFOLK, formerly the Hon. Lavinia Strutt.

LADY (CECIL) NEWMAN was one of the guests at the wedding and at the reception held at 1, Hyde Park Gardens.

PHOTOGRAPH SPECIALLY TAKEN FOR "THE SKETCH" BY ANGUS MCBEAN.

IN THE DRESS FOR HER DANCE: MISS VICTORIA MONTGOMERIE-CHARRINGTON.

MISS VICTORIA MONTGOMERIE-CHARRINGTON *arranged to wear this classically simple dress of white-and-gold brocade at the dance which her mother, Mrs. Montgomerie-Charrington, gave for her on Thursday, April 8. She is one of the many important débutantes of the Coronation season.*

TALES WITH A STING.

TWO GOLDEN OPPORTUNITIES.

By A. G. GREENWOOD.

(BEING OUR SHORT STORY.)*

"I HAVEN'T a penny—not one," she said, clinging to the rail in front of her with white, shaking fingers.

"Then," said the stipendiary indifferently, "you will go to prison for one calendar month."

How the State, or anything, or anybody, could benefit by the imprisonment of little Mrs. Boulton the public couldn't imagine. If ever the headline "A Butterfly on the Wheel" has been justified, it seemed excusable now. The penny Press unanimously made use of it, and wound up the reports with: "Photograph on back page."

There, certified circulations approaching the two-million mark saw a young girl with curly hair, huge, appealing eyes, a delicate oval face, slim lips, short, straight nose—a really very beautiful little person, notwithstanding the inability of the printer to suggest the copper, azure, and cream of her hair, eyes, and skin.

About Anne's crime there existed in clubs and places where men talk, a slight fog. "A mere technicality, and all that," said Hugh Coleman, to his cousin, the Bishop, in the stately smoking-room of the Parthenon.

"Still," remonstrated the Bishop, "a false declaration wilfully made to a registrar amounts to perjury and——"

"The poor girl didn't know what she was doing," broke in Hugh. "As if a little ex-chorus girl would realise that she——"

"The simplest and youngest of us can distinguish the truth from a lie, Hugh."

"Oh, quite. But what 's the good of shutting her up? It 's just revenge. Bullying."

"You forget," observed the Bishop, with the placid smile that his cousin found intolerable, "that the Law has two aims: to punish the offender and to deter others."

"Like shooting Byng!" retorted Hugh, stung. "How 's a fine of £20 going to deter anybody except a pauper? That 's the bitter unfairness of it. £20 is nothing to someone who 's well-off; but to an unknown artist's wife it 's a colossal sum. It 's him I pity most—in a way. Artists never have a penny—unless they aren't artists."

"Don't let the report of a police-court case make you bitter," was the Bishop's comment.

Insufferably urbane it sounded to Hugh.

"The poor chap went out of court looking dazed, it says," went on Hugh, scowling at his cigarette-end and stabbing it violently—its cork-tip might have been an apron. "Who wouldn't? Imagine it. Think if they came along and grabbed Grace."

"My imagination boggles," said the Bishop, and laughed softly. "My wife——"

"But just imagine," broke in Hugh. "Try. You 'd—you 'd feel like murder. Any decent man would. The law 's turned him into a 'Red.' He wishes that magistrate dead. *You* would. A girl—a young girl!"

"A pretty girl, Hugh," remarked the Bishop, getting out of his chair. "Had she been less physically favoured, I fear the heat of your indignation would have been proportionately reduced."

With a smile indicating conscious and unquestionable superiority, the Bishop went to his lunch, leaving Hugh Coleman feeling like a worm, and wondering how he could turn.

Teddy Xavier Boulton, riding home on bus-top that morning, had no idea that conversations of a similar kind concerning Anne and himself had taken place in trains, buses, clubs and offices, over luncheon, billiard and card tables, on midget golf-courses, railway platforms and football grounds. The only fact his aching head—it had been distressingly stuffy in the police court—could clearly grasp was that Anne had lately wept, clung to him, kissed him with wet lips, had her clinging fingers detached by a wardress, and been led away sobbing, half-fainting, to be locked up for a month.

The Boultons, since their most improvident marriage seven years back, had made their home in Teddy's studio—the attic at the top of some ramshackle studios. A rich artist owned the place, and when his tenants' payments on account of rent had fallen hopelessly into arrears, he had said to Teddy:

"It worries me. Debts always do. Interferes with my work. You 'd better have the use of the place rent-free."

Out of battens and strawboard Teddy had divided the attic into studio, bedroom and kitchen.

"Pigging it till my Armada comes in," was his explanation to Anne's theatrical friends, who said it was "a duck of a place," "ever so cute," and "terribly cunning."

The owner was at Bordighera. Teddy's friends were either as needy as himself, or had long ceased to be intimate. Everything of value had been pawned. £20! It would be almost impossible to raise twenty shillings to save Anne or himself from dying. Teddy stretched himself on the cretonne-covered packing-cases beneath the lofty, dirty window, lit his last remaining "gasper," stretched, yawned, and closed his eyes.

He awoke because the cigarette-end had smouldered its way through his shirt. He sat up, elbows on knees, eyebrows joined in a frown, mouth open, and stared fixedly at the window, as though in soot and rain and dust a picture had been painted there.

A picture did glow there in his imagination. "Broken!" Anne in the dock. Those piteously hooked, despairing, fragile fingers clinging like the fingers of the drowning. Those eyes, scared, sodden with tears, wild-looking, hunted, panic-stricken. The motherly, good-looking, imperturbable wardress, high-breasted (Anne's chest was like a boy's), mechanically sympathising. The flutter of Anne's thin frock over her heart, the line of her stretched white throat. . . .

For half an hour he sat immobile, then stood up, kicked a space in the litter about his easel—muddy shoes, empty tins, cigarette and chocolate cartons, newspapers, Anne's new raincoat, dead flowers, books, a tray with a cracked cup of red-brown dregs on which a slice of lemon floated, stale ends of loaves, a half-empty sardine tin oozing oil, Anne's "jazzy" pyjamas, a pair of her stockings, laddered and torn at heel and toe, apple-cores, orange-skin, wrapping-paper, a big cardboard box—the new hat Anne had worn in court had come in it—two little boxes—Anne's shoes and her new blouse had come in them—a bag of forgotten sprouts, odd potatoes that went bounding from the toe of his boot. . . .

There was that old canvas—years old—face to the wall. Paints? Dozens—but each "worm" had a hard head that he struck off and flicked into the surrounding debris. Medium? Damn! The dry cork broke. He picked at it with an eggy fork found conveniently on the floor—"If you don't put things away they 're always handy," Anne had once observed.

He set to work. His models flamed on the grimy window. He could see the yellow streak where other hooked fingers, like Anne's, had clung to the dark-brown rail of the dock. . . .

When the light failed, Teddy went to bed and slept on his back in his clothes, woke, tossed, turned, gathered cigarette-ends and smoked them in a battered briar, slept again, and rose before sunrise.

Very early he was at work again. Meals didn't disturb him. There was nothing in the attic to eat. Only once did he knock off—to cadge cigarettes from the tenants below. At five that afternoon, when the light had failed, as Teddy groped in a shadowed corner of the studio for cigarette-ends, someone knocked.

"Buzz in," said Teddy.

There entered a very tall, very thin young man. "Is—is Mr. Boulton about?" he asked, peering round the dark studio.

"On the floor here. I 'll get up if you 've a gasper to spare."

A gold cigarette-case gleamed and clicked. Teddy stood up, involuntarily yawned, reached out a dirty, stained hand and said: "I 'll take two, if you don't mind."

"Take the lot," said the young man impetuously, and bundled the cigarettes out on to the littered table.

"You wanted to see me?"

"Yes. But I can't, you know."

"Sorry. Shilling-in-the-slot. But I haven't one."

"May I?"

"It wouldn't insult me. That red box in the corner. Behind the door. Turn the knob to the right. Drop the bob in. That 's it."

Teddy lit the hanging incandescent lamp.

"I say!" exclaimed the young man, gazing at the canvas. "That 's—damned fine!"

[Continued on page xviii.

* *All the characters and incidents in this story are imaginary.*

XXVIII.—"THE ROSE AND CROWN."

The Army:—Chief of the Imperial General Staff FIELD-MARSHAL SIR CYRIL DEVERELL. *Décor shows York, because most of his career has been connected with the Northern Command.*

CARICATURE BY ERNEST FORBES.

BASIL RATHBONE, *the host, is greeting* HEATHER ANGEL.

Right: ANITA LOUISE *and her escort as sixteenth-century Court folk.*

GENE RAYMOND *and his fiancée,* JEANETTE MACDONALD, *as Romeo and Juliet.*

CHARLES BOYER *and his wife,* PAT PATERSON, *as a Gaucho, and his Mantilla-ed bride.*

FREDRIC MARCH *and* HIS WIFE *won the prize as a Caveman and his Bride.* KAY FRANCIS, *as a Russian Bride, is stepping over the chain which binds the pair.*

DAVID NIVEN *is partnering* LORETTA YOUNG *(left); and* RAYMOND MASSEY *is dancing (right).*

HOLLYWOOD STARS AS BRIDES AND GROOMS OF ALL NATIONS: FANCY DRESS FUN AT A WEDDING ANNIVERSARY PARTY.

WARREN WILLIAM as *Mephistopheles had a word to say to* HEATHER ANGEL.

JEAN HERSHOLT *and his wife as a Viking pair.*

MARY ASTOR *and her bridegroom,* MANUEL DEL CAMPO, *in picturesque peasant dress.*

SALLY EILERS *and her director-husband,* HARRY JOE BROWN, *posed by the monster wedding-cake.*

MAUREEN O'SULLIVAN *is with* EDWARD G. ROBINSON, *who came as Napoleon.*

MARLENE DIETRICH, DOLORES DEL RIO, *and* DOUGLAS FAIRBANKS, JNR.

BASIL RATHBONE, *the English motion-picture actor, who started his career in Shakespearean rôles, recently celebrated his eleventh wedding anniversary with a "Bride and Groom" party at a Hollywood café. Guests from the movie world were invited to come dressed as brides and bridegrooms of various lands and times. Some beautiful costumes were worn, and many famous stars were guests.*

WHAT EVERY WOMAN WANTS TO KNOW.

The marriage of MISS MARY PEECH, *the well-known Surrey golfer, to* MR. GORDON GRAHAM PYKE, *took place at St. Mark's, North Audley Street. The bride was given away by her father, Mr. Albert Peech. The bridegroom is the only son of Mr. Gordon Pyke, of Westmount, Montreal.*

HAWTHORN HILL was the high-spot of my enjoyment last week. To begin with, it wasn't perishingly cold, which was a grand change for outdoor functions in Coronation Year; and it hardly rained at all! The countryside still looks very cheerless and backward, with hardly a blossom in the gardens and the orchards that we passed on the way, and only a suggestion of coming leaf anywhere; but the girls were like flowers, with their gay little scarves and caps, and their turnover socks, which were the alternative foot-protection to snow-boots or Newmarkets.

Lady Marjorie Stirling, by the way, wears the new-fashioned black cloth "snow-boots," which come rather higher than the old type. She was badly knocked up ski-ing, and still has one leg bandaged.

Our two newest and youngest Duchesses, their Graces of Roxburghe and Norfolk, were there; both, however, without their husbands, for the Earl Marshal is too busy with Coronation preparations to go racing these days, and the Duke of Roxburghe was in Scotland last week. The Duchess of Roxburghe, whose taste in dress I much admire, looked well in brown cloth trimmed with nutria, and the Duchess of Norfolk was also in brown, with a leopard coat and round cap. Her father, Lord Belper, and her stepfather, Lord Rosebery, were both there.

This is going to be a yellow year so far as dress is concerned. There was a lot of canary about at Hawthorn Hill. One girl had a cap, scarf, and socks in this lively shade, and another had a hat, a belt, and a pochette of it. Mrs. Roland Cubitt is one of the best-turned-out women in society. Her ocelot coat, belted and nearly full-length, was beautifully cut, and her eyes under her grey felt hat looked as blue as the azure sky we never see. Like Lady Dashwood and Lady Marjorie Stirling, she was accompanied by a young son, Henry Cubitt, a future Lord Ashcombe. Leopard was worn by a lot of women, and I thought Mrs. Henry Garnett (formerly Miss Mary Gerard Leigh) looked well in her coat and cap of this fur.

Lady May Abel Smith came to Hawthorn Hill prepared to face all weathers in a royal blue velvet mackintosh, quite smart enough to look

H.R.H. THE DUCHESS OF GLOUCESTER *played a game of ping-pong after she had opened the new block of flats at West Ham erected by the Church Army Housing Scheme. On the right is the* MAYOR OF WEST HAM *(Mrs. Parsons).*

like an ordinary coat, and had a red quill across the front of her navy-blue "drummer-boy" cap. Major Abel Smith was with her, and they hung over the rails to watch the parades with Mrs. Henry Tufton, who is, I think, the keenest of all regular racegoers. Lady Fiona Fuller, trim in an all-navy get-up, with a regimental badge in her felt hat, was with her parents, the Camdens, who had come to see Lord Roderick Pratt ride Tangerine Boy in the Open Selling Handicap 'Chase; but he had no luck.

Other notes from the course include the gay effect of the scarves patterned with sporting subjects, like Lady Grenfell's yellow, with a brown fox mask and brush design on it, and Miss Anne de Trafford's yellow adorned with brown horses. Mrs. Murray Smith, the former Ulrica Thynne, looked enchanting in a green suit and tiny cap, and Lady Northesk provided a variant from the yellows, browns and greens by having a vivid royal-blue cap and scarf with a Cumberland tweed suit.

. . . . .

The Duchess of Norfolk is going about a great deal. She was at the wedding of the Duke's cousin, Captain Ian Constable Maxwell, to Miss Jan Ricardo, a festivity that the Earl Marshal did manage to make time to attend and act as usher; but this was easier for him as it was a morning function. In the afternoon, he took their Majesties round the Abbey. The bride, who is noted for her *chic*, had the most lovely lace wedding dress I 've ever seen. Usually I prefer white satin, but this was a beautiful bridal gown; and the idea of having the pages in scarlet cassocks with net surplices was excellent. By the way, I have never before attended a marriage at which there were thirteen attendants—nine pages and four girls. But thirteen is lucky to some people.

. . . . .

We can't have any daffodils in the Park this year, as the stands are on all the flower beds, so it was nice to go and see a show of them organised by the Flowers and Plants Committee at the Forum Club. Sir Lionel Earle opened it, and Lady Willingdon was an early visitor, while Princess Marie Louise honoured the display by a morning visit, and named two new kinds of "daffs," one after herself, and the other "Coronation." Both were specimens of the new kind of daffodil which is so fashionable just now, the kind with an orange trumpet which recalls the jonquil. In case you don't know, there 's a "daffs' " "Debrett," and these new modish kinds are nearly all to be traced back to the great Fortune strain—just as so many horses can go back to that famous sire Eclipse! If you "make" a new daffodil and want to christen it, you have to choose a name that hasn't already been taken—just as you must if you breed racehorses or pedigree cattle.

MISS HEATHER NUGENT, *elder daughter of Sir Walter Nugent, Bt., and of Lady Nugent, of Donore, Co. Westmeath, is engaged to Sir John Prichard-Jones, Bt., son of the late Sir John Prichard-Jones, and of Lady Louth.*

SABU, *the Indian boy star of the film* "ELEPHANT BOY," *based on Rudyard Kipling's famous story, is seen with* MR. *and* MRS. ROBERT FLAHERTY *(left) and* MR. ZOLTAN KORDA *(right) at the gala première in aid of the Westminster Housing Scheme at the Leicester Square Theatre. Mr. Flaherty is the famous producer.*

Lucy Lady Erroll, Lady Allardyce, and Mrs. Patrick Ness (who 's not only an explorer, but one of the most energetic of our socialites, and almost as indefatigable about important occasions as Lady Bonham-Carter) were among the visitors, and at the end of the day the lovely "daffs" were sold for the benefit of St. George's Hospital.

Mr. Russell Flint's annual pre-Academy party was a packed, crowded, and gay affair of some three hundred guests, chiefly painters. It was difficult to move about, even in his big studio. However, we had a good look at his batch of very fine oils, ready for the R.A. In "The Festival Dress," a richly coloured group, the model for the principal figure was the dancer Consuelita Carmona. She herself made a charming figure at the party in a crimson velvet coat, her lively face topped by two roses on a little black hat. In the crowd of guests I noticed Lady Frampton and a well-known Indian princess, who added to the decorative effect of the room. We went downstairs to see the work of Russell Flint, Junior, who has forsaken the sea for paint, and has a studio of his own just below his father's. He makes a good use of colour, though never before last year had he put brush to canvas. However, he seems to be enjoying himself under the helpful eye of modernist Iain MacNab.

A good come-back to the galleries is James McBey, at Colnaghi's. He has not shown his paintings for about ten years, so it is pleasant again to meet his sure touch, atmospheric truth, and *flair* for colour. The Private View was crowded. Mrs. McBey, who is a very attractive, lithe American, wore a fur cape. Gina Malo, whose fine natural-looking portrait by McBey is hanging there, wore a black fur coat with a little black skull-cap on the back of her head. A U.S.A. friend had cabled over buying the portrait for a present to Gina on her marriage to Romney Brent; and Lord Rowallan has bought an awe-inspiring mountain scene, "Ichka Pass; High Atlas."

Mrs. Chou, subject of a lovely portrait by McBey, arrived in a long, lavender velvet Chinese dress and no hat. Lords Gainford and Hampton were early arrivals. Mr. Martin Hardie, of the South Kensington Museum, came with his wife; and Lady Walston, Mr. C. R. W. Nevinson, and Mrs. McOstrich were other viewers.

For half the year, the McBeys revel in the sunshine and colour of Tangier, where they have a house. The other half is spent in London. About a quarter of the paintings were sold the first day—all those I wanted myself had gone before I arrived.

MR. and MRS. GEORGE WALLER are here seen with their infant daughter, ELISABETH TESSA, after her christening at St. Paul's, Knightsbridge. Mr. Waller is the well-known Cambridge University and Blackheath Rugger player. Mrs. Waller is a daughter of Mr. Douglas Hacking.

The good cause of Westminster Housing, and the thrill of seeing the long-expected "Elephant Boy" film (the first picture, I believe, ever to be produced without a woman in the cast), brought the nobility and gentry in hordes to the gala première at the Leicester Square Theatre. Politics was represented by Lady Davidson (who made the best speech I have ever heard on a similar occasion, and was audible all over the house without a "mike"), Mrs. Stanley Baldwin, the Duff Coopers, the Runcimans, and others, and film, stage and society well-knowns were on every hand. The Duchess of Sutherland, who has not been in London for some time, was present, looking lovely and supremely well-turned-out in an unusual shade of lavender-blue with a short ermine coat. Mlle. Régis de Oliveira, who has been away for some time, was also in the house. She is one of the most popular girls in society, and has been much missed by her many friends. Lady Stanley and Lady Broughton were to be seen; and Mrs. Rudyard Kipling was there to watch the picture version of her husband's story "Toomai of the Elephants."

However, the star of the evening was neither a politician, a Duchess, nor a beauty. It was Sabu, the Indian boy who plays the leading rôle. He appeared on the stage in black trousers, a turban, and a three-quarter coat of gay brocade, and made a neat little speech in his clipped but excellent English, and then went into the foyer to meet some of the distinguished persons who had come to see his picture.

Owing to the fact that so many of the characters in "London After Dark," Marion Lorne's new "starring vehicle" (to borrow a film phrase), at the Apollo, belong to what is now known as the proletariat, many of the dresses worn by the women have to be drab in character. But Miss Lorne, though depicting a worker, shows how utilitarian fashions can be both natty and smart. She wore two little suits, one brown, and the other beige, both made with short, loose coats and very neat skirts. Miss Cathleen Nesbitt, as the mother of the villain, wore a most distinguished black evening dress, with a white fox wrap which suited her extremely well; and Miss Freda Gaye, the sister of the novelist, Phœbe Gaye, looked *chic* in her multi-coloured evening get-up. Judging by the audience there seems no abatement in the favour enjoyed by silver fox wraps. Miss Anne Todd, however, did not follow this vogue, but had a most decorative checked evening coat.—MARIEGOLD.

The wedding of MR. ALAN BARBER, a former captain of Yorkshire County Cricket Club, to MISS D. E. SHAW, sister of Mr. T. W. Shaw, the Oxford rowing Blue of 1926-7-8, was solemnised at Christ Church, Cockfosters, Middlesex.

MRS. MORGAN CROFTON is posed by a portrait of herself, by Harrington Mann, which was exhibited at the Royal Portrait Society. She is the wife of Mr. Morgan Crofton, son and heir of Sir Morgan Crofton, Bt., and was Miss Rosalie Tillotson.

THESE FACES MAKE NEWS.

MISS MARGOT DUKE, *débutante daughter of Mrs. Percy Duke, at the ball which her mother gave for her the other day. She is booking a dance with* MR. WILFRED DAVIS.

The HON. MRS. SOMERSET MAXWELL, *daughter-in-law of Lord Farnham, won the handicap section of the Ladies' Parliamentary Golf Association Tournament at Ranelagh with a return of 81—18=63. Her embroidered golfing jacket was much admired.*

MISS URSULA MORLEY-FLETCHER, *daughter of Mr. Bernard Morley-Fletcher, married* MAJOR IAN M. STEWART, *Argyll and Sutherland Highlanders, son of Lieut.-Colonel A. K. Stewart of Achnacone, at Chelsea Old Church.*

MISS CINDERELLA STAVELEY, *youngest daughter of Lieut.-Colonel Charles Staveley, is engaged to Mr. D. R. Carrick-Buchanan, of Drumpellier and Corsewall, the Gordon Highlanders, son of the late Lt.-Col. A. Buchanan.*

The engagement of CAPTAIN WALTER PATRICK BARCLAY, *the Black Watch, only son of the late Mr. Theodore C. Barclay, to* MISS DAPHNE BINNY, *only daughter of Lieut.-Colonel and Mrs. Alan Binny, has been announced.*

MISS ROSALIND CHRISTIE *is the daughter of Agatha Christie, the detective-story-writer (Mrs. Mallowan). The Hon. Mrs. Dudley North is giving a dance for her and Miss North on May 10.*

PHOTOGRAPH BY DOROTHY WILDING.

IN HER CORONATION BALL HENNIN: ADÈLE DIXON.

MISS ADÈLE DIXON, *of "Over She Goes," at the Saville, will wear this mediæval costume, complete with the high conical head-dress (known as a hennin) and the veil characteristic of feminine costume in the middle of the fifteenth century, at the Coronation Costume Ball to be held at the Royal Albert Hall on May 13. On other pages we give photographs of some society girls dressed for the ball, and designs for costumes to be worn at it.*

MISS BEATRICE GROSVENOR, elder daughter of the late Lord Edward Grosvenor and of Lady Dorothy Charteris, AS A WARRIOR MAID.

These lovely designs for dresses to be worn at the CORONATIC *are by the Reville School of Fashion. The setting will be Night's Dream," and these designs show Cobweb and Moth companions.*

DRESSED FOR THE COR

COSTUME BALL TO BE HELD

Right: MISS ROSEMARY GROSVENOR, *younger daughter of the late Lord Edward Grosvenor and of Lady Dorothy Charteris,* AS AN EIGHTEENTH-CENTURY BEAUTY.

COSTUME BALL
" A Midsummer
d three of their

ONATION

ON MAY 13.

LADY FRANCES COLE, *second daughter of the Earl of Enniskillen,* AS A SEVENTEENTH-CENTURY LADY.

THE CORONATION COSTUME BALL to be held at the Royal Albert Hall on Thursday, May 13, the day after the Coronation, will be one of the most important events of the biggest week of the Coronation season. It is in aid of funds to provide a National Theatre, and is under the direct patronage of their Majesties the King and Queen, who have reserved the royal box for their royal guests. A Shakespearean Pageant will be one of the features of the evening, and many of the best-looking women in society will take part in it.

PHOTOGRAPHS BY DOROTHY WILDING.

AT HAWTHORN HILL FOR 'CHASING

MRS. DAVID FORBES *and her sister,* MISS DAPHNE HENDERSON *(right)*

LADY GRENFELL *(left) and her sister,* LADY O'NEILL.

LADY STANIER, *wife of Major Sir Alexander Stanier, Welsh Guards.*

MRS. MURRAY SMITH *(formerly Miss Ulrica Thynne)* *and* CAPTAIN BROUGHTON.

The DUCHESS OF ROXBURGHE *(left)* *and* MISS BEATRICE GROSVENOR.

LADY JEAN OGILVY, *of Airlie, is a* *talking to* LADY

The HOUSEHOLD BRIGADE STEEPLECHASES *were held last week at Hawthorn Hill in fine weather. Our photographs show a few of the well-known people who attended. Tweeds were the usual wear, but bright caps and gay scarves and*

THE HOUSEHOLD BRIGADE MEETING.

Right: The HON. NEFERTARI BETHELL and the HON. LYDIA YARDE-BULLER (right).

MR. and MRS. MICHAEL BARCLAY.

LADY BELPER, was an interested spectator, as her husband's son, the Hon. Ronald Strutt, rode in the Household Brigade Cup, and was third.

daughter of the Earl
butante. She is
ELIZABETH COKE.

The DUCHESS OF NORFOLK, who came to see her brother (the Hon. Ronald Strutt) ride, MISS VIRGINIA GILLIATT, MR. HENRY GARNETT, the HON. MRS. CHARLES WOOD, and MRS. HENRY GARNETT (l. to r.).

accessories combined to make the general effect very brilliant. Our two youngest Duchesses, their Graces of Roxburghe and Norfolk, were present, and a good many other good-looking young married women.

MISS DIANA WYNYARD *is now playing the title-rôle in the revival of George Bernard Shaw's "Candida," at the Globe. The play was first produced in 1900, and revived in 1909. In the present revival Miss Ann Harding was the first Candida.*

Eugene Marchbanks (STEPHEN HAGGARD) *sits adoringly at the feet of Candida* (DIANA WYNYARD).

Candida and her husband, James Morrell (NICHOLAS HANNEN)

Eugene and Candida, the wise maternal woman.

THE NEW "CANDIDA": DIANA WYNYARD.

PHOTOGRAPHS BY ANGUS MCBEAN.

MRS. R. C. ANDERSON *is the American artist who paints as* M. BAYNON COPELAND. *Her sitters have included many distinguished people, including Princess Alice, Countess of Athlone, and the Marchioness of Carisbrooke. Our photograph shows her at work on her portrait of Lady Louis Mountbatten, which is to be seen at her show at the Ackermann Galleries, which has its Private View to-day, April 14. A portrait of Mrs. Simpson by Mrs. Anderson is on the left; but is not included in the exhibition.*

Below:
DAME LAURA KNIGHT, R.A., *most famous British woman artist of the day, is exhibiting in this year's Royal Academy a striking picture of the London Palladium seen from a box. Here she is putting some finishing touches to the work.*

AMERICAN WOMAN ARTIST AND ENGLISH WOMAN R.A. AT WORK.

CRITICISMS IN CAMEO.

THE STAGE.

By IVOR BROWN.

THOSE who remember Mr. Clarke-Smith's strong, intelligent work in the Ibsen season of last year will reasonably regret that our theatre of to-day cannot find him parts as various or as good. He suffers the penalties of excellence; having given to full-blooded drama criminals of the most impressive and entertaining kind, he finds himself in constant request when such odious creatures and outrageous assassins are necessary to adorn the tale of guilt. Mr. Anthony Armstrong, author of "MILE AWAY MURDER," at the Duchess, is fortunate in having collected Mr. Clarke-Smith to present his fine old vatted blend of villainy. In any theatrical rough-house this player can be relied on to be the life and soul of the nefarious party.

The Brothers Davenport, whom the play concerns, were widely parted in quality and fortune. Sir Robert was great and rich and good, while the untitled Joseph was poor and bad—so bad that Bob was like to cut him out of his will: unless, of course, Joe could cut him off first. When it came to bumping off a brother Joseph was up to snuff ten times over. He had roamed about South America, where men are men and women know it, also where poisons are really poisons. To plan and execute the perfect murder was easy work, and what better fun for such a bouncing bundle of vice and vanity as Joe than to brandish one's guilt in the face of the perplexed police and bid the dunderheads prove it?

"MILE AWAY MURDER," *at the Duchess Theatre. Sir Robert Davenport* (OLIVER JOHNSTON), *flushed with rude health and wearing the rude colours of the M.C.C., starts the day off by sniffing a pretty posy In the other hand he is holding a letter.*

Sir Robert Davenport (OLIVER JOHNSTON), *the victim of "Mile Away Murder," has lit a weed and is reading the letter, which is from bad brother Joseph and contains £40, a receipt form and a semi-detached stamp of the two-penny denomination.*

Sir Robert Davenport (OLIVER JOHNSTON) *applies moisture, in the usual fashion, to the stamp sent by his brother, signs the receipt, puts it in an envelope and . . .*

. . . having thus completed his business, Sir Robert Davenport (OLIVER JOHNSTON) *falls down dead.*

Joe had a "mile-away" alibi. Of course, the local police were led by a lumbering goose (Mr. Evelyn Roberts), while the hawk from Scotland Yard (Mr. Walter Hudd) did not seem to have especially sharp eyesight or power to pounce upon his prey. Meanwhile Joe was mixing the traits of butcher-bird and peacock. He twitted his enemies, molested a young lady, and generally behaved as though immunity from error in wickedness had brought him certain immunity from punishment. But of course he had erred. He could be cornered, and naturally he ultimately was. Mr. Clarke-Smith went down in the grand manner of the stag at bay. The play, however, did not begin and end with this startling presentation of a crazy criminal conceit. Mr. Roberts and Mr. Hudd, as the hounds of the Law on Joseph's traces and ever ready for a little dog-fight of their own, barked and bit most amusingly. This piece will not make an epoch, but it kills a brace of hours pleasantly enough.

"RIDE A COCK-HORSE," at the Royalty, by Robert York and George Bruhl, shows the beggar on horseback and riding for a fall. Anna Vraka, a Croatian peasant, inherited countless dollars from a husband who had struck it lucky in Chicago, and she did not try to count them. She roared with delight and spent with abandon. Indeed, this is a most uproarious piece, for the Balkan peasants' life, as our authors see it, is a gay, gawdy, rowdy matter in which youth is vehement and age vitriolic. Limping grandpa is as full of cracks verbal and wise as of cracks muscular and arthritic. National costumes, straight from the laundry, are generally worn, and national high jinks attain the loftiest altitudes. No doubt if Mr. Eden Phillpotts had been a citizen of Zagreb instead of Torquay he would have written such a piece as this.

Whether or no this is your cup of tea or glass of Raki—grandpa's tipple in the play—there is no lack of energy in the actors' effort to stimulate your thirst. Miss Laura Cowie is a *mater familias* who abounds in wrath, vanity, humour, and joy of life. Miss Marcelle Rogez flashes majestically about the stage as the worst woman in Zagreb, and Mr. Arnold Pilbeam, as crabb'd age, hobbles and squabbles with the greatest of zest. The tale of fairy gold that flies away is not exactly subtle in its handling. Authors and actors are not flying high: risking crudity, they are putting up a colourful show, and colourful it certainly is.

"HENRY V." is usually regarded as "the top" in Shakespearean romantic parts, and it can be played as an essay in sublime rhetoric and melodious rant. But there is a reflective side to the warrior-king, and Henry is a philosopher as well as a fire-eater. Mr. Laurence Olivier's performance at the Old Vic preserves this essential balance. When it is necessary to shake French battlements with British bluster, Mr. Olivier is magnificently oratorical; when he considers the tyranny of ceremonial which makes a burden of a king's life, he is no less excellent in stating a royal dilemma and assessing the labours of the Throne. This speech on ceremonial is certainly a tract for Coronation times, and it is most sensitively spoken.

Mr. Tyrone Guthrie's production has abundant pace and power; he has given us a heraldic blaze of banners in place of formal scenery, and his tableaux of armies on the march and in battle are vivid and ingenious. He fails with the comedy which remains in a melancholy refusal to be comic, but nearly everybody fails with the comedy scenes of this play. Shakespeare, when he killed off Falstaff, discovered that Pistol and Bardolph were nothing without him. Miss Jessica Tandy, continuing her Shakespearean experiments, plays the French Princess as delightfully as she played the French crammer's daughter in "French Without Tears."

Mr. Marius Goring speaks the Chorus lines with rather too obvious a sense of an important artistic occasion. Why not more simplicity of attack? The Old Vic has done the military spectacle handsomely; Shakespeare allowed for

Four or five most vile and ragged fools
Right ill-disposed in brawl ridiculous

and never, surely, did dramatist so insult his production in advance. The armies on this occasion are clothed in "Motley's" best, are as natty as numerous, and brawl with a most serious pugnacity. On the first night the number of schoolboys was noticeable. No doubt many parents will take an opportunity during the holidays of letting their sons see this swashbuckling drama.

Our list of PLAYS AND FILMS YOU MUST SEE, and of those well worth seeing, will be found on page xx.

CRITICISMS IN CAMEO.

THE CINEMA.

By MICHAEL ORME.

SABU, enthroned on his superb beast like some small, slim god, rides triumphantly through "ELEPHANT BOY," an adaptation of Rudyard Kipling's story "Toomai of the Elephants" (Leicester Square Theatre). Sabu was brought to the director, Robert Flaherty, from the stables of the Mysore Palace during the early stages of production in India—a shy twelve-year-old, the descendant of a line of mahouts. He soon showed his mettle, and has proved a real "discovery," fearless, completely natural, with a grace of carriage, and a soft, husky voice that lend him an irresistible charm. He and his giant mount, Kala Nag, are the heroes of Petersen Sahib's hunt for wild elephant, a hunt which bears the unmistakable Flaherty stamp in its magnificent pictorial effects and the thrill of the final drive through torrent and jungle. The tale of little Toomai's ambitions and adventures has an appropriate simplicity of outline. The boy's dreams are rudely shattered by his father's death and Kala Nag's disgrace after a vindictive mahout has goaded the noble beast into a berserk rage. Together, the two—Toomai and Kala Nag—escape from the camp, discover the elephants' hidden stamping-ground, and are able to crown the hunt with unexpected success. Something of the strength and splendour of the jungle pervades the picture in its still dawns, its gloom pierced by drivers' torches, its hot sunshine, and its guarded secrets. Against authentic and spacious backgrounds, the gossip of the natives and the quiet authority of Walter Hudd's Petersen, carry conviction, whilst a dramatic use has been made of sound in this saga of the elephants which Robert Flaherty and Zoltan Korda have moulded into grand entertainment.

"PÉPÉ LE MOKO," the Curzon's new French picture, has an unusual setting in the rabbit-warren of the Casbah that mounts in twisted terraces above the town of Algiers. Here a "wanted" man may defy the law for years, the more so since the approach of the police is signalled from roof-top to roof-top, so that the only way to catch a criminal is to lure him down from his lair. Pépé le Moko, King of the Casbah, has thus eluded capture ever since his escape from Toulon after a bank-robbery, and owes his downfall to a romance with a fair, if frail, member of a tourist party—for whose sake he descends from his eyrie to his death. Julien Duvivier's direction has caught the atmosphere of the Casbah in a drama that threads its way through tortuous alleys where Pépé plays hide and seek with the police, and loves and is betrayed. His growing nostalgia for his old Parisian haunts strengthens the well-handled theme, and Jean Gabin, whose fine portrayal of the outlaw dominates the picture, subtly suggests release from unbearable surroundings in his reckless journey down the stairways of the Casbah. Mireille Balin, a French star new to London, invests the *femme fatale* with intelligence as well as beauty, and Lucas Gridoux insinuates a suave study of an Algerian sleuth into the heterogeneous crowd that carries on the action of an interesting drama.

Here is bold, bad Joseph Davenport (D. A. CLARKE-SMITH), *the villain of "Mile Away Murder," admitting all and defying the best brains of Midfield and Scotland Yard to prove anything. The smaller figures are (l. to r.): Supt. Nyewood* (EVELYN ROBERTS), *Dick Elsted* (JOHN TEED), *and Det. Inspector Rosslyn, C.I.D.* (WALTER HUDD).

Hollywood's latest tribute to British prowess, "LLOYD'S OF LONDON" (Gaumont, Haymarket), is a big and handsome picture directed with a fine flourish by Henry King in a "Rule Britannia" vein. Its reconstruction of London life at the turn of the eighteenth century is remarkably well done, and the growth of the famous insurance business vividly presented. To the coffee-house of Lloyd's, where merchants and ship-owners transacted their deals, comes little Jonathan Blake, with important news of a scuttled ship, secured by himself and his small friend, Horatio Nelson. Young Blake, grown to manhood and pricked by his unhappy love for a dissolute lord's beautiful wife, rises to the control of his own syndicate at Lloyd's. It is his romance, his heroic hoax in announcing Nelson's victory over the French fleet several days before the Battle of Trafalgar, that occupy the forefront of a semi-historical story. Actually, that hoax, perpetrated to help England and Lloyd's, was decidedly more valorous than discreet, but Blake emerges unscathed—though winged by the lord's spiteful bullet—to watch the cavalcade of Nelson's funeral.

The activities at Lloyd's, forming as they do a running accompaniment to romantic fiction, add immensely to its vitality and tension, whilst a sprinkling of historical figures and names gives the right period flavour. Tyrone Power, young, eager, and earnest, makes a gallant hero, and Madeleine Carroll easily accomplishes her main task of looking lovely. Fine characterisations by the late Sir Guy Standing, C. Aubrey Smith, and George Sanders are notable in a large and well-selected company that fills the crowded canvases of a lively, fluent picture wherein fact joins hands with fiction to evoke the memories of historical events.

It might be thought that writing about Shirley Temple is one of the easiest parts of a film critic's job. As a matter of fact, it is nothing of the kind. Not that there is not plenty to be said about the most popular of all the stars whose names spell money to the box-office. But most of it has been said before, and said so often that the reviewer is hard put to it to discover a fresh angle from which to comment, or to avoid repetition of familiar eulogies of this astonishing child. In regard to her latest picture, "STOWAWAY" (New Gallery), there is, however, something new to be said. For in it Shirley has mastered at any rate a small part of the Chinese language, and speaks it with far more assurance and infinitely greater charm than an unpractised adult wrestling with French or German on a holiday trip. For the rest, the picture exploits her special graces, abilities, and distinctions in a thoroughly efficient manner.

MR. NIALL MACGINNIS, MISS FLORA ROBSON, *and* MR. EDWARD RIGBY—FOR REHEARSING ABOARD A BOAT OFF CHISWICK MALL IN ORDER TO GET HARBOUR ATMOSPHERE FOR "ANNA CHRISTIE."

WE TAKE OFF OUR HAT TO—

NORMAN PARKINSON, the modern camera artist, has his studio decorated with a mural painting of himself with all the attributes of 1937 photography, and, facing it, a satirical painting of the Victorian photographer taking a stiff family group.

MR. ROLAND PENROSE, MR. PAUL NASH, MR. HENRY MOORE, and MRS. NAOMI DURELL gave serious and concentrated consideration to the merits of the sculpture submitted for the Surrealist Section of the First British Artists' Congress 1937 Exhibition, which opens to-day, April 14, in Grosvenor Square. Some people might have come to hasty conclusions as to the value of the work—but these experts did not decide at once.

MR. NORMAN PARKINSON—FOR BEING BACKED UP ON THE WALLS OF HIS STUDIO BY HIMSELF AND HIS ACCESSORIES.

A LARGE part of "ANNA CHRISTIE" is set on board a barge in harbour in an American port. To get the atmosphere for the revival at the Westminster Theatre, the producer, Michael MacOwan, made the cast rehearse aboard the boat on the Thames in which Niall MacGinnis is living.

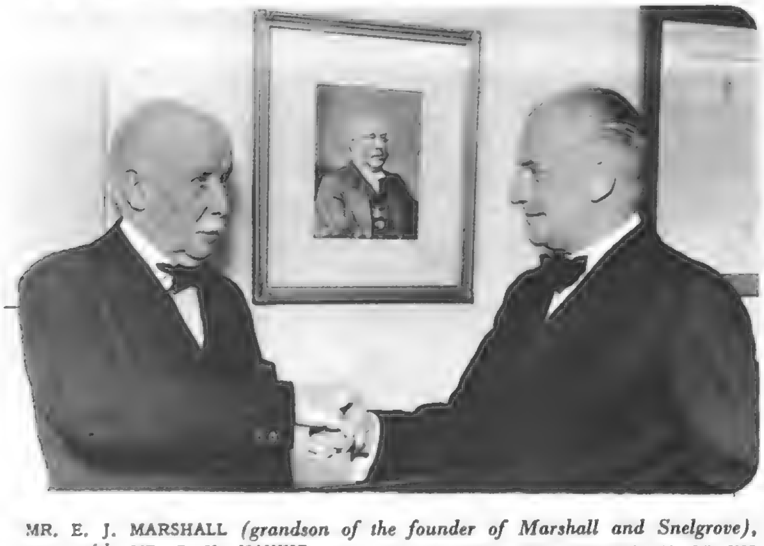
MISS ELLEN WILKINSON, M.P., wore in the House of Commons a striking satin coatee printed with a design of views of London. Some of her fellow-members studied this picture puzzle in order to identify the various scenes, which include St. Paul's Cathedral, the Houses of Parliament and other landmarks.

MISS ELLEN WILKINSON—FOR PROVIDING, WITH HER SCENIC COATEE, A LONDON PICTURE PUZZLE FOR FELLOW M.P.S.

MISS ZANA SEALE, *daughter of Mr. Barney Seale*—FOR WEARING HER HOBBY (HORSES) ON HER SLEEVE.

MISS ZANA SEALE, thirteen-year-old daughter of the sculptor Barney Seale, is an enthusiastic horsewoman and a talented artist, chiefly devoted to painting horses. She has recently been awarded, by the Royal Drawing Society, first-class mentions for Horse Anatomy, Horse Drawing, and Illustration; and the Bronze Star for Landscape in Oils. She is not ashamed to "wear her hobby on her sleeve"—in the shape of a blouse patterned with equine subjects!

The famous firm of MARSHALL and SNELGROVE celebrates its centenary this year. Founded in 1837 by James Marshall (whose photograph appears in our illustration), it has gone from strength to strength. Mr. P. H. Hawke is the managing director and Mr. E. J. Marshall is a director.



MR. E. J. MARSHALL *(grandson of the founder of Marshall and Snelgrove), seen with* MR. P. H. HAWKE—FOR CELEBRATING THE CENTENARY OF HIS FAMILY FIRM, FOUNDED IN ACCESSION YEAR 1837, IN CORONATION YEAR 1937.

MESSRS. ROLAND PENROSE, PAUL NASH *and* HENRY MOORE, *and* MRS. NAOMI DURELL—FOR JUDGING SO REALISTICALLY THESE ENTRIES FOR A SURREALIST SCULPTURE SECTION.

LAURENCE OLIVIER AS KING HARRY—AFTER HAMLET AND SIR TOBY.

JESSICA TANDY *is enchanting as Katherine, daughter of the King of France, in Tyrone Guthrie's production of Shakespeare's* "HENRY V." *at the Old Vic.*

LAURENCE OLIVIER *recently gave a notable rendering of "Hamlet" at the Old Vic, followed by his appearance (with a sensational make-up) as Sir Toby Belch in "Twelfth Night." Here he is* HENRY V., *looking superb in his armour and about to deliver the famous St. Crispin Day speech on the eve of Agincourt.*

LAURENCE OLIVIER *gives a fine performance as King Harry. Here he is seen wooing Princess Katherine* (JESSICA TANDY).

Right: MARIUS GORING *has the important rôle of Chorus in the Old Vic "Henry V.", and gives the famous speeches full value.*

PHOTOGRAPHS BY ANGUS MCBEAN.

FINE WEATHER FOR THE ONCE-POSTPONED PYTCHLEY RACES.

The PYTCHLEY HUNT *Point-to-Point 'Chases, which had been postponed from March 18, were held in fine weather at Great Brington.* MRS. JOHNSON *is seen wearing a picturesque cape. She is with* MR. J. S. JOHNSON *and* MR. HAZLERIGG.

MISS P. SPILLER *(l.),* LADY FRASER, *and* SIR KEITH FRASER, BT., *are the trio in this snapshot. Miss Spiller rode for Lady Fraser.*

This group consists of LADY CROMWELL *(hatless),* MAJOR CAMPBELL, *the* HON. MRS. J. G. LOWTHER, *and* MLLE. PELLIER *(l. to r.).*

Left: *The* HON. PENELOPE *and the* HON. URSULA MILLS, *eldest and second daughters of Lord and Lady Hillingdon, wore "twin tweeds."*

Right: MISS A. M. EVERITT *won the Ladies' Race on her Mr. Cinders III., and is here seen after her victory.*

PHOTOGRAPH BY ANGUS MCBEAN.

FLORA ROBSON AS ANNA CHRISTIE.

The latest rôle to be tackled by that brilliant actress FLORA ROBSON *is that of Anna, daughter of Chris Christopherson, the tragic heroine of Eugene O'Neill's well-known play* "ANNA CHRISTIE," *which was revived at the Westminster Theatre last week. It was originally produced in London in 1923, with Pauline Lord as Anna.*

The Sketch Diary of Fashion

EDITED BY
OLIVE CALEY-SMITH

JOHN EVERARD

WHEN you think of Scotland, what flashes through your mind? Tartans and haggis, bagpipes and whisky. And Quality. It doesn't matter what they do, Scotsmen have a way of doing it rather better than anyone else. That's one of the reasons why "Braemar" is a name that means so much on knitwear. It stands for sixty years' experience, and the invariable use of the best materials the world produces. What is more, it stands for perfect styling, and for the most comprehensive and lovely range of colours. Impossible even to begin to describe them. They just go on and on.

There is the jumper immediately above. It is made in spun silk, woven with an open check design combined with plain. Look at the trimness of the shoulders and waist, the demure snugness of the neck. Next there is a high-necked cardigan in pure cashmere. It has two pockets and is worn over a short-sleeved pure cashmere jumper woven with a lacy stripe. Lastly, on the right, there is a Botany wool suit in a tweed pattern. The skirt has two pleats at the back and an inset front panel with a pleat at each side, while the coat has slanting bands on the sleeves and on the patch pockets.

You will find "Braemar" Knitwear at most of the leading shops everywhere, but if you want to you can always write direct, to Innes, Henderson and Co., of Hawick, Scotland, and Axtell House, Warwick Street, W.1, and they will send you the address of their nearest retailer.

FINE for the day . . .

Wherever you go, be sure that you are correct in fashion's most important detail . . . your stockings.

You can be quite *sure* if you wear Bear Brand, dull-lustred, carefully fashioned; *superfine* stockings. You can buy them from 3/11 or if you are so inclined you can have a mad dash and pay up to 8/11.

Bear Brand *Crepe Luxury Stockings* 3/11 to 8/11

MADE BY HOWARD FORD AND COMPANY LIMITED

SUIT and
Line and Colour
Accessories provide

THERE'S just no argument about suits. They are indispensable, and they fall into such clearly defined categories that there is never an excuse for making any mistake about them. By which I mean that there is not much chance of any confusion between an honest-to-goodness shooting suit and a slick *tailleur*. It's accessories that sometimes trip people up. Either they treat them with too much respect, or they go completely crazy and just add so many bits that eventually one can't see the wood for the trees.

There is no witchcraft in accessories. They are tied down by two invariable rules, and they have just one mission in life. They are used always as accents. If they are worn with plain clothes they should be gay and definite, so that they catch the eye. If they accompany bright frocks or coats that are very striking in line they should be sober so that the eye may rest. Never, never should they be put on simply for the sake of addition.

THIS year, since our silhouettes are simple, accessories are all-important. There are, for instance, Schiaparelli's butterflies and her siren buttons: the butterflies are made of brilliant cellophane, and alight on the revers of little town suits; the sirens are those who lured mariners on to the rocks, and are modelled in plastic materials. There are Piguet's vivid pipings and his little white lace bows, made of metal, down the front of a simple day dress. There are Molyneux's twin necklaces of large beads, tied closely round the neck with velvet ribbons.

There are gloves. Tremendously important. If your suit is dark, wear a bright hat and have your gloves dyed to exactly the same shade. If your suit is bright, have a sober hat and shoes, and let your bag and gloves match. Jaeger's think it's fun to wear different-coloured gloves on each hand, linking up the tones with scarves, or with a contrasting jacket and skirt. There is a great feeling for gloves that have ornamental backs. Lots of them open on the wrist, some are studded with metal, and some go in for bold appliqués and little laces. You can see the idea in our sketch.

THERE are also belts. You can't go wrong if you have them brightly embroidered, and you can wear them any width you please, from half an inch to four inches. You can tuck flowers into them or tie them with bows of bright print: you can garland your waist with oak leaves and small flowers and berries, all cut out of leather. Or you can have a very simple belt, and down the front of your frock, so that they look as though they are stuck into the belt, you can embroider four stiff tulips with very long stems.

Very simple jumpers respond well to necklaces composed of heavy gold or copper links, which also look grand with simple formal dresses; while long, tight sleeves or bare arms are both adorned with bead bracelets, three or four or five, in different colours, all tied with matching ribbons.

Pockets, too, provide lots of fun. You can put as many on any jacket as there is room for, starting from just below the shoulder and carrying on down to the hip, graduating them in size. If you have them on the skirt they should come just below the waist, and if you like them on a top-coat have a large patch pocket on the right, and one of equal size on the left with a smaller pocket overlapping one corner.

When fur is used on suits it is most carefully kept away from the neck. Sometimes it appears on sleeves, but more usually it stresses the line from the waist to the hips. Our artist has drawn a fan-shaped basque of silver foxes on a plain black suit. Generally it is a good idea not to wear foxes with tweeds, though we do know one young designer who trimmed a Shepherd-plaid suit with black fox and added a cerise chiffon blouse for luck!

SUITABILITY

come First

the Fun

HERE are two suits that reflect the grandeur and the gaiety of the Coronation. They are built up on tradition, too, for they are made by Burberry's, in the Haymarket.

The light one is of white nap, with a loose jacket lined with red satin and a red satin blouse with fan-shaped tucks at the neck. The seven-eighths-length coat sleeve is cut right up to the neck, with a deep pleat on the shoulder. Be sure to notice the novel bellows pockets, curved like a purse.

The second suit is made in sage-green tweed woven with a darker spot and flecked with yellow and emerald. The waisted coat has three-tiered flaps at the sides and shows a yellow slip, and the sleeves have two distinctive features—the loops at the wrist, and flat pressed triangular pleats on the shoulders.

THE LITERARY LOUNGER.

By L. P. HARTLEY.

THE note that prefaces so many novels—"every character in this book is entirely fictitious"—seldom strikes the reader as having any special significance. He may remember vaguely that it is a device by which the author (mistakenly, I believe) hopes to safeguard himself against an action for libel; or, happening to know that the book is a *roman à clef,* he may shrug his shoulders and smile ironically. But as a rule his mind scarcely registers it; it has become an accepted feature of book-production, like the dust-cover or the title-page. Least of all would he expect to find in those conventional words a criticism of the book that follows.

"Daughters and Sons." Yet, in the case of "Daughters and Sons," the author's declaration does seem like a criticism. "Every character in this book is entirely fictitious": Miss Compton-Burnett could not, we may think, have summed-up her story with greater accuracy or terseness. "No reference whatever is intended to any living person." Yes, thinks the reader, we may grant her that, too. For what living person would say when introduced to a governess he has met already: "I have made her acquaintance, and I may be the more readily admitted to her friendship, that I have the honour of knowing her predecessors"? Not all the characters in Miss Burnett's story would have been capable of making this observation: Chaucer was a clergyman and particularly choice and careful in his speech. Indeed, he loved working out a metaphor. But it is only a question of degree. Everyone in the book talks more or less like that; it is only here and there, and notably in Hetta's tremendous outburst towards the end, that we hear the authentic sound of the human voice. And not only do they all talk in terms of elaborate and studied irony; they all, or nearly all, talk alike. Chaucer has his metaphors; Mrs. Ponsonby, the eighty-four-year-old matriarch, has a power of deliberate and incisive rudeness denied the rest; Miss Bungan, the first of the three governesses, shows a quavering brightness in her speech; Hetta, Mrs. Ponsonby's daughter, can sometimes be recognised by her admonitions to her nephews and nieces not to speak in whispers, or she observes feelingly: "Smartness, smartness! I get so tired of it." Miss Marcon, at the close of a party (and what parties they are!—among the most disastrous in fiction), has a trick of saying what failures she and her brother and their nephew have been, how they have taken everything and given nothing, etc., by which she may be recognised; just as Chilton Ponsonby's conversational hall-mark is playful deprecation of his brother Victor, while both brothers are apt to be funny at the expense of their eleven-year-old sister, Muriel. Muriel, it must be admitted, has not yet developed the conversational technique of her elders. There are seven of them in the house—her formidable grandmother, her father, the tired novelist anxious about his waning public; her aunt, Hetta, still more tired, and quivering with nervous exasperation; two sisters and two brothers. They are, she knows from sad experience, all looking for an opportunity to make her look and feel even smaller than she is. So she humbly confines herself, in the main, to asking questions; and very embarrassing some of them are. But the two families who (oddly enough) are on visiting terms with the Ponsonbys have all caught their tricks of speech; Edith, the second governess, who marries John Ponsonby, is a ready learner; and Miss Blake, the third governess, would no doubt have been the same had she not thrown up her situation at a moment's notice, appalled by Chaucer's amorous advances.

"LE SÉDUCTEUR" *is the title of this amusing picture by* JANET CLERK *(Lady Clerk, wife of Sir George Clerk, formerly British Ambassador to Paris), on view at the exhibition of works by "Janet Clerk and Her Friends," at the Reid and Lefevre Galleries.*

Are They Human? And it is not only in their peculiar way of expressing themselves that Miss Compton-Burnett's characters bear small resemblance to any living person. Their points of dissimilarity could be multiplied. They criticise each other, in each other's presence, with a freedom certainly unparalleled in my experience, and (but no doubt this is explainable as a dramatic device of the author's) they are constantly caught out in some particularly outrageous remark by the subject of it, who has happened to enter unobserved. Another, more important, dissimilarity between them and ordinary human beings is the casual way they decide to get married: without any love-making, with hardly (except in John Ponsonby's case) an extra look, they announce their engagements. And again, Miss Burnett never sufficiently indicates the kind of character that underlies these polished, ironical conversationalists. Who could have suspected that Frances would have behaved so well and the apparently amiable Alfred so badly?

"MADEMOISELLE SVETLANA PITÖEFF," *by* JANET CLERK, *is one of the portraits on view at the exhibition of paintings by "Janet Clerk and Her Friends," which opened at the Reid and Lefevre Galleries last week. "Janet Clerk" is Lady Clerk, wife of the former British Ambassador in Paris; and her friends include Dufy, Segonzac and Bonnard.*

The Divine Elixir.

One's first impression, then, is that Miss Burnett's story is totally unlike life. Ninety-nine per cent. of it is in dialogue, and people don't talk like that. The remaining one per cent. is action, and we are tempted to say people don't act like that. But second thoughts modify this impression. Why is the book so absorbing that (except when one's mental eye is utterly dazzled by the brilliance of the stately back-chat) one can hardly put it down? There are several obvious reasons. It is fascinating (when it is not fatiguing) to assist at a display of virtuosity

[Continued overleaf.

1.15

the crucial moment—
and
your fly succumbs
to the
irresistible attractions
of
a tree! . . .

ever noticed
how
a cigarette
helps
you
to survive
that
maddening moment . . .

whilst
you tie on
another fly
for that fish
which is,
very obligingly,
still rising?

this is an advertisement depicting yet another occasion when Player's Cigarettes are welcome.

[Continued.]

which, in its way, has no equal in contemporary fiction. Also, it is agreeable (in the safe shelter of one's arm-chair) to watch people scoring off each other so neatly. They all, though stuck as thick with arrows as St. Sebastian, still keep another missile in their quivers. For some reason, sophisticated rudeness is always attractive to read about, and no one is better at it than Miss Burnett. Yet rudeness, however various in its manifestations, is not enough. Nor, even, is the nervous tension which rudeness generates (or is generated by), though this supplies the author with much of her motive power. As in Miss Burnett's "A House and its Head," a novel with a very similar theme, we are made to feel, all the time, that the family has reached breaking-point; another provocative word, and the whole Ponsonby *ménage* will be blown sky-high. And the plot adds to the tension; it is artificial and highly improbable, but it is extremely effective; Frances's gift to her father produces situation after situation, a magnificent climax and a singularly satisfying anti-climax (Alfred's behaviour over the will). Yet, one continually asks oneself, how is it that these puppets, who speak, as often as not, with each other's voices—and those not the voices of human beings—who live only from the nerves and the will, who hardly exist except at meal-times, when they meet to bicker, can take such a powerful hold of one's imagination? The answer is, I suppose, that, unconvincing as they are by realistic standards, they are somehow related to what is essential in human life. Concealed under the strange convention she has chosen to adopt, the author possesses a piercing insight into human nature. However oddly presented, her characters do exist, and they contain the divine elixir. But it is as surprising, as unbelievable, as if one were to take up a Toby jug and find it full of vintage port.

MR. BALLIOL HOLLOWAY *plays Cloten in the Stratford-on-Avon Festival production of* "CYMBELINE." *He is an important newcomer to Stratford-on-Avon.*

"Horseman on Foot." Miss Mary Nicholson's first novel, "Ask the Brave Soldier," showed both promise and performance; her second, it seems to me, shows promise only. There are some good passages in "Horseman on Foot," and some well-drawn characters. The heroine, Kay Tiverton, does not quite come alive, but Nigel Bathurst, with whom she has a desultory, disappointing love-affair, is completely convincing. Failing to make his farm pay in Kenya, he had come home to live with his parents; it was a straitened, inglorious existence that brought out the worst in him. Weak, fretful, and complaining, he still had a good deal of charm, and Miss Nicholson makes us feel it. Kay bore with him until all at once she realised how essentially unsatisfactory he was. Later she looked with a kindly eye on another young man whom recent divorce had freed from an unhappy marriage; but it needed only the briefest acquaintance to convince her that he was quite unsuitable. Culme, the country house of her friends the Fosters, was the thing in life from which she got the most satisfaction; but after "Clip" Foster's death it fell into bad hands, as did his widow; for the handsome agent was a crook, who installed himself and lined his pockets at her expense, letting the house go downhill. He is a type frequently met with in novels, and he runs true—too true—to fictional form. There are several other threads in the story, but they all pull, as it were, different ways; the book loses unity and purpose as it proceeds, instead of gaining them, and nothing in it prepares us for the *dénouement*, which is as much a surprise to us as it was to Kay. On the other hand, there is some amusing dialogue, some excellent characterisation in the minor parts, and one or two really good scenes—notably that in which the wicked agent loses the hunt, and, alone in the fog-bound countryside, hears pursuing footsteps and gets into a panic. What the author needed was a subject instead of a string of ideas; when she has found it she will write another good novel.

"Poison Ivy." Mr. Peter Cheyney writes in what is almost a foreign language—an extreme form of gangsters' American. "Poison Ivy" is full of hard words—"palooka" and "bezuzus"—and idioms the meaning of which does not leap to the eye, like "handing in one's dinner-pail." Lemuel Caution, the detective, is as ready with his tongue as with his fists—

"Listen, sour-puss," I tell him, "you just run along and tell Mr. Saltierra that Perry C. Rice would like to have a coupla words with him, an' tell him not to pull any fancy business about not being at home or something like that, otherwise I am liable to burn the place down, and look snappy, because I don't like your face and I have a private graveyard way back home for guys whose faces I don't like. Scram."

His object in "Poison Ivy" is to run down (in word and deed) a gang of criminals who mean to steal a consignment of gold bars *en route* from America to Southampton; his methods seem to involve the maximum of personal risk. He is not one of the detectives who let us into their confidence—afraid, perhaps, that we shall abuse it, as one of his friends did; but his reticence means that "Poison Ivy" is a thriller rather than a detective-story. He must be clever indeed who guesses that A is not the good fellow he seems, nor B the whited sepulchre we took her for. Both these revelations took me by surprise; the third I was prepared for. Linguistically considered, "Poison Ivy" is not an easy book to read; but once construed, it goes all too quickly, enriching our vocabulary with a number of phrases invaluable in a rough house.

"Palace Scenes." What a change to go back, under Mr. Laurence Housman's guidance, to the Court of Queen Victoria, and assist at those "palace scenes" in which there are no hard words and beating-up is almost unknown! Not quite unknown, however. Poor Prince Bertie had to be taken

[Continued on page xx.

MISS JOYCE BLAND *is the Imogen in* "CYMBELINE," *which was due for production at Stratford-on-Avon on Monday last, April 12. She is this year playing at Stratford-on-Avon for the first time.*

TANQUERAY, GORDON & CO., Ltd., GIN DISTILLERS, LONDON

FOLLOWING THROUGH.

By SANDY BUNKER.

THERE is a decided revival of interest in what, in my opinion, is one of the most pleasant possible forms of golf—foursomes play. Recently a very successful foursomes event was held by the Sunningdale Club, and provided vast entertainment, since the tournament was different from any other of its kind. It was open to anybody to enter, so that the competitors included famous women golfers who have won championships, amateurs, some of whom have won international fame and some who have not, artisan golfers, a caddie and a green-keeper, as well as well-known professional golfers (who, by the way, included Poppy Wingate, the only woman professional), and famous assistant professionals. This was as " mixed " a field as one could possibly hope to find. Moreover, there was no restriction about the pairings. Two professionals could—and did—play in partnership; other men partnered women golfers; and a few amateurs joined forces. The handicapping was so arranged that everybody had an equal chance, professionals all being rated at plus 2, all amateurs at scratch, and all women at handicap 4. The only thing I was doubtful about was whether D. J. Rees, who as an assistant professional was rated at scratch, had the better of the handicapping, since he is the unofficial match-play professional champion. I was not surprised that, with Mr. A. S. Anderson, a real scratch golfer and a very sound player too, Rees won the tournament.

There has been plenty of activity of late for those who like foursome play. Last Sunday, the open amateur medal foursomes competition for the Antlers of Royal Mid-Surrey was held at Richmond. This tournament usually attracts a strong entry and provides a lot of entertaining golf. Then, on Monday last, there were the Addington foursomes. In some ways this is a more serious affair, because it is open to partnerships of amateur and professional golfers, and most of the great ones compete. Nevertheless, it is amusing to watch the anxiety of amateurs not to "let down" their partners or the professionals endeavouring to impress their partners with their own skill. Of course, both frequently fail because they are trying too hard; that is one reason why I like to watch foursomes events.

The most picturesque figure at the Sunningdale Mixed Foursomes was JIM, *the* EIGHTY-TWO-YEAR-OLD CADDIE, *believed to be the oldest caddie in England. He joined the club as a regular caddie when it was opened at the beginning of this century. In the recent competition, he carried for Mr. John Morrison.*

Biggest and Brightest.

After this the biggest foursomes tournament of the year—the Public Schools' Golfing Society's competition for the Halford-Hewitt Cup—will be played on the Royal Cinque Ports Links at Deal. There will be nearly 500 players in the field contesting this event, which commences on Friday next, April 16. They represent forty-nine Public Schools, each team consisting of five foursomes partnerships, with Old Carthusians, the holders of a trophy they have won five times, among the favourites. It is not difficult to understand the popularity of this competition, because it is actually the greatest reunion of old Public School boys in existence. There is all the happy spirit of a real reunion about this gathering, even to the lighter side of such occasions.

Golfers are not Selfish.

I can understand the enthusiasm for the Worplesdon foursomes, which virtually is the " Mixed Doubles Championship " of golf. That is one reason for its popularity; for a tournament which began as a pleasant social occasion is now, thanks to Lady Heathcote Amory (*née* Joyce Wethered), a competition of national importance. I hear, by the way, that the famous lady player is likely to compete, with her husband, Sir John, in this event next autumn, and, if rumour is well founded, Sir John, already a good golfer, is spending a great deal of his spare time on the links, and has considerably improved. It would be fitting for Lady and Sir John Heathcote-Amory to win this year. But this competition is far ahead yet, and I was thinking more of the reason for the popularity of foursome play than the actual events. It appears to me that there is less selfishness about the game. The four-ball match is still popular, but such games tend to form cliques in golf clubs, the same four frequently playing together. In a four-ball game, the players must be well matched, or the longer handicap player, probably feeling that he is the weak man of his side, will not have much of a game, because he will probably try too hard.

MISS POPPY WINGATE, *the only woman professional, competed in the Sunningdale Mixed Foursomes tournament. She partnered J. J. Busson, playing from a handicap of 2.*

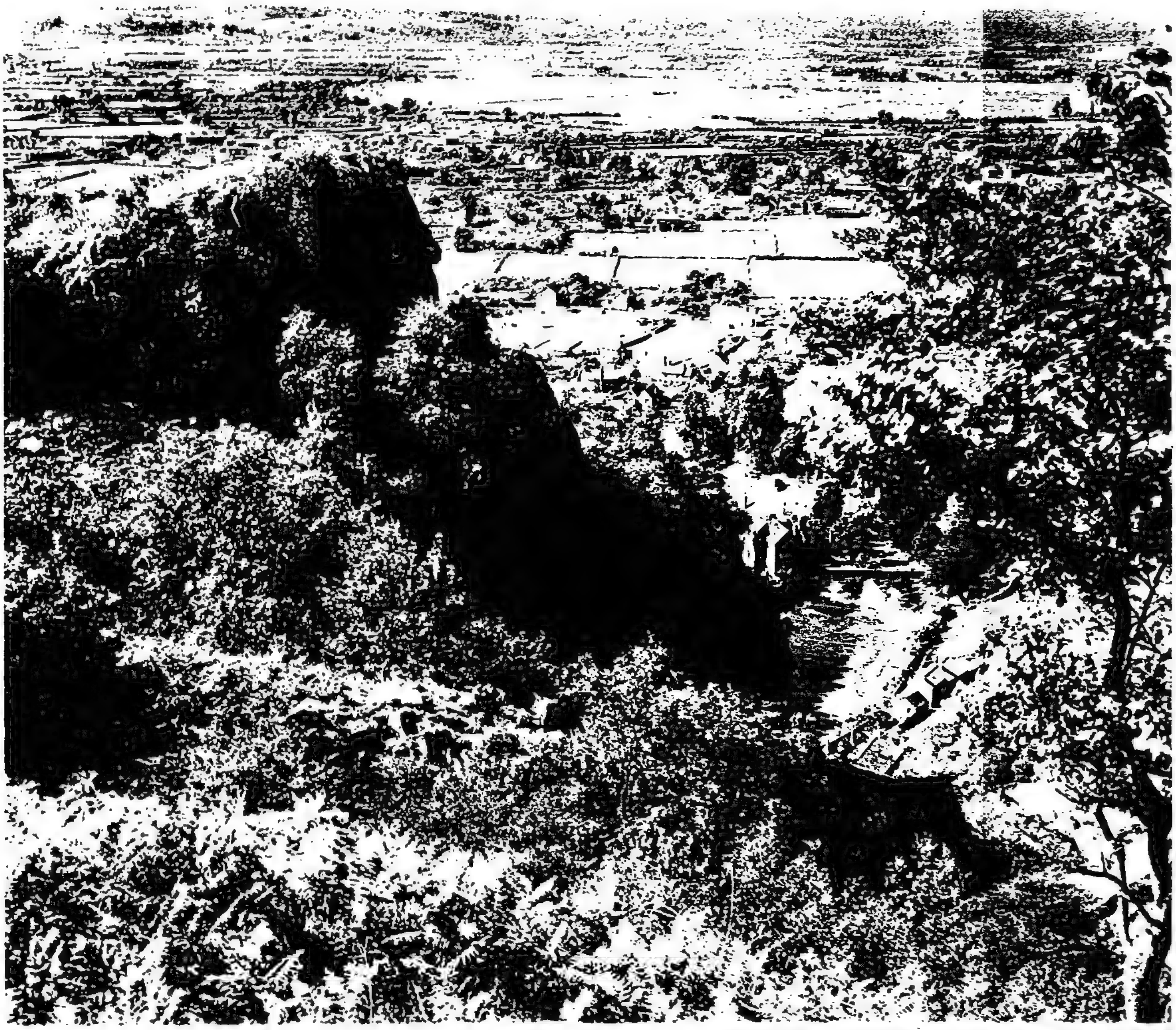
Advice to Professionals.

The success of the Alliances is founded on the good feeling in foursomes where double-figure handicap amateurs frequently partner professionals. But even when two amateurs of unequal skill are in partnership, nobody's game is spoilt. The low-handicap player will have all sorts of unusual shots to play, and the long-handicap man will frequently find that he is playing his second shot from the spot near where his third shot usually finishes—it is a thrill for both. Were I a professional competing in an important tournament, I would play at least one of my practice rounds in foursome partnership with a handicap member of the club where the event is being held. Thus I should be tolerably certain of playing some shots from parts of the course I would not otherwise know existed. However, the experience might be valuable, for if during the competition I happened to top a drive or hit an iron shot " off the pipe," I would have that confidence which had been gained by experience in playing from strange places; thanks to my partner.

SIR WALTER C. HUGGARD, *formerly Chief Justice of the Straits Settlements, is one of the distinguished people who have been holiday-making at Monte Carlo. He was snapped on the delightful Mont Agel course.*

The BEST SPORTS ACTION PICTURES: The Illustrated Sporting and Dramatic News; Every Friday

This England . . .



The Mendips—Cheddar. In the distance, Brent Knoll

Beneath the south-western face of the great Mendip hills nestles Cheddar at the foot of its famous gorge. Old as a place, it was beloved of Roman miner and Saxon counsellor (two Witenagemots were held here) and—like all old places of English use and habitation—beautiful. In the seventeenth century began the making of the cheese that has made the name world-famous. An epicure has said that it was specially invented to go with old English beer; whether this be true or no, certain it is that this cheese is a most noble complement to your Worthington—itself old, and English, and—some say—beautiful.

ISSUED BY WORTHINGTON AND CO. LTD., BURTON-ON-TRENT, ENGLAND

CITY NOTES.

OUR STROLLER IN THROGMORTON STREET.

"ALWAYS. And all ways. You can't get away from it."

"Or with it?"

"'From it' suits my meaning best. I repeat that 'there 's always something,' and you can't get away from it."

"In the Consol Market, it's the Budget——"

"Home Rails are up against possible Labour trouble."

"Americans have Roosevelt as the crooning nigger in the wood-pile."

"The best Industrial shares stand quite high enough."

"Kaffirs are at the mercy of the Cape and Paris."

"Nevertheless, the poor still live," the broker commented. "Why we do, I don't altogether know, but the fact seems plain enough."

He thoughtfully stroked the increasing curve on his waistcoat. "It 's not only the music that goes round and rounder."

"I wish that there were enough business to go round and round. Can't make out where it has all vanished to." The broker slipped his pencil into the automatic sharpening machine and viciously jerked the handle.

"You 're too impatient," Our Stroller chid him. "Now look what you 've done: you have broken the point. That 's the way to waste your money."

"If you can't make any money, the next best thing to do is to spend it."

"And having done that——?"

"Make some more, of course. Either that, or starve. You can't go on the dole, even though you are not lucky enough to be a gardener or a domestic servant."

"We shall be glad to get this Budget out of the way," declared a dealer in the Consol Market. "It has kiboshed our business here for the past three months. Nobody has been able to tell what 's going to happen, and all we know for certain is that the country is laying out colossal sums of money that the Chancellor of the Exchequer will have to get out of somebody or other."

"Meaning us."

"No one else is likely to pay it. The newspapers tell us that the taxation is not likely to be as heavy as some people fear, but I don't suppose the papers know any more than you and I do."

"As to which," said Our Stroller, "may I, as a country cousin, express my personal opinion that you Londoners could do very well with another evening paper. The morning papers cover your needs all right, but you have room for another good evening paper. Or am I wrong?"

"I 've often thought the same thing myself," replied his broker. "Yes, there 's room for one, but I suppose it 's a costly business to start a paper. There ought to be money in it, though. I think we deserve another one."

"If that is so, the only essential for success would be its management."

"Let 's take it on, shall we? You put up the money, and I will edit the Football Pool department."

"Why doesn't the Government put some small tax on these football-pool coupons? It would be easily collected, and produce quite a bit of revenue."

"Not to mention losing a good many votes for the party that proposed it."

"Well," said the jobber who had first spoken, "sometimes I feel inclined to shut up my book, clear out of this place, and take the year's holiday that we can get under the Rules."

"You would sell all your stock before leaving?"

"Clear the lot, put the money on deposit, and buy back the stock at the end of the year, hoping to make a profit that would be equivalent to a good income for the twelvemonth."

"Living on the capital during that time?"

"Living on the capital, as you say. When I buy back the stock in a year's time, I should have no income tax to pay on the profit."

"You feel certain about making that profit?"

"No, I don't. That 's the snag. Prices might go up, and let me down. Not even cricket is more gloriously uncertain than speculation."

"Financial television——"

"That 's no use. What I want to know is where prices will be standing a year hence."

"I 'm more modest than you are," declared a jobber. "Tell me where prices will be standing a fortnight ahead, and I shall be perfectly satisfied."

"You can't get away from the fact that this present year is going to be a very prosperous one for British trade."

"That is Snag Number Two. If I sold my modest lots of industrial shares, I should most likely regret it very much in April 'Thirty-eight."

"It must be many years," considered an elderly broker, "since people had so much money to spend as they have to-day. You get some kind of sidelight on that in the thousands of seats which are being sold for the Coronation."

"Plenty of them go to Londoners," another reminded him.

"And if they do, isn't this a proof that even Londoners are willing to unloose their purse-strings? Mind you, the people who buy the seats will also be compelled to give their womenfolk new frocks and jewellery and all the goodness-knows-what-nots that the modern girl requires."

"Lip-stick and lingerie?"

"You and I are too young"—he affectionately patted the bald pate of his fellow-member—"to know anything about such essentials. But the money is here, and now, ready to be laid out on anything attractively presented——"

"Advertisers ought to do well."

"Of course. They don't all realise what chances they miss by not keeping their goods in the shop-window, if you know what I mean."

"I find that some of the advertisements are jolly hard to resist," a younger man chimed in. "I 'm doing my best not to buy a new car this year, but I 'm certain I shall fall for it unless we get Prohibition of Publicity."

"Then why read the advertisements, if they make you feel like that?"

"Can't help it, my dear chap. They are the most interesting part of the paper nowadays. Cars, cruises, clothes, cocktails. Take away those, and what is there left? Don't say the bare truth, because that 's too obvious. I only appreciate humour when it 's subtle."

"That 's because you 're Scotch. Wouldn't you rather be a bear on truth than a bull on rumour?"

"I don't call that subtle."

"What is it, then?"

"I call it simply silly. That 's because I 'm Scotch. All the same, my modest bear of Nickels came off all right."

"Sounds like a strip-tease act. How much did you make?"

"Not nearly enough to interest you. Three dollars on a couple of hundred shares. That 's all."

"Shells look cheap to me, now they 're ex rights," Our Stroller ventured to remark, guessing, by the various printed price-lists round about, that he had strayed into the Oil Market.

"I think you 're right," a jobber cautiously confirmed. "It 's rather a matter of fashion, you know, and at present we are not quite so popular as we were a few weeks back."

"Wonderful company, the Shell," said his neighbour more confidently. "It has the organisation, the management, the reputation——"

"Excuse me, but have I the pleasure of your subscription on my list, Sir?" The speaker was armed with an oblong, red-covered book and a persuasive smile. "Let me see; I 'm so sorry, I 've forgotten your name."

Our Stroller told him. It is quite a common one. "Ah, here we are. No, I have nothing, so far. Can you spare me a guinea or two?"

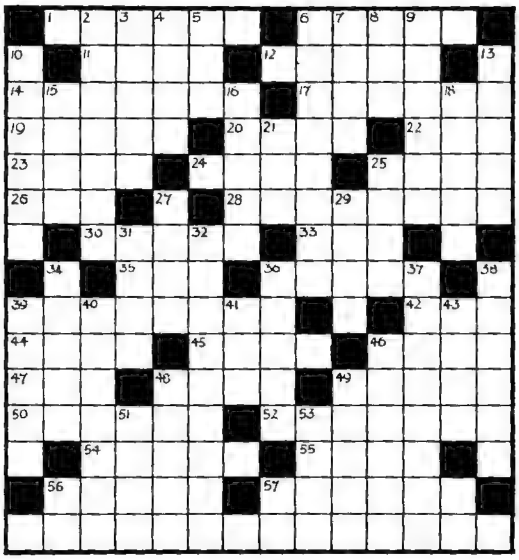
"On the spur of the moment, I said 'Two guineas,'" Our Stroller reported later on. "He pencilled it in his book, thanked me very much, and hurried off."

"One of the stewards of the Stock Exchange Benevolent Fund is going to apply to a member with the same name as yours for the sum of two guineas, which he will say you promised to give him."

"No! That 's too bad. What will he do?"

"Pay up, and feel thankful it wasn't five."—*Friday, April 9, 1937.*

OUR CROSS-WORD PUZZLE.

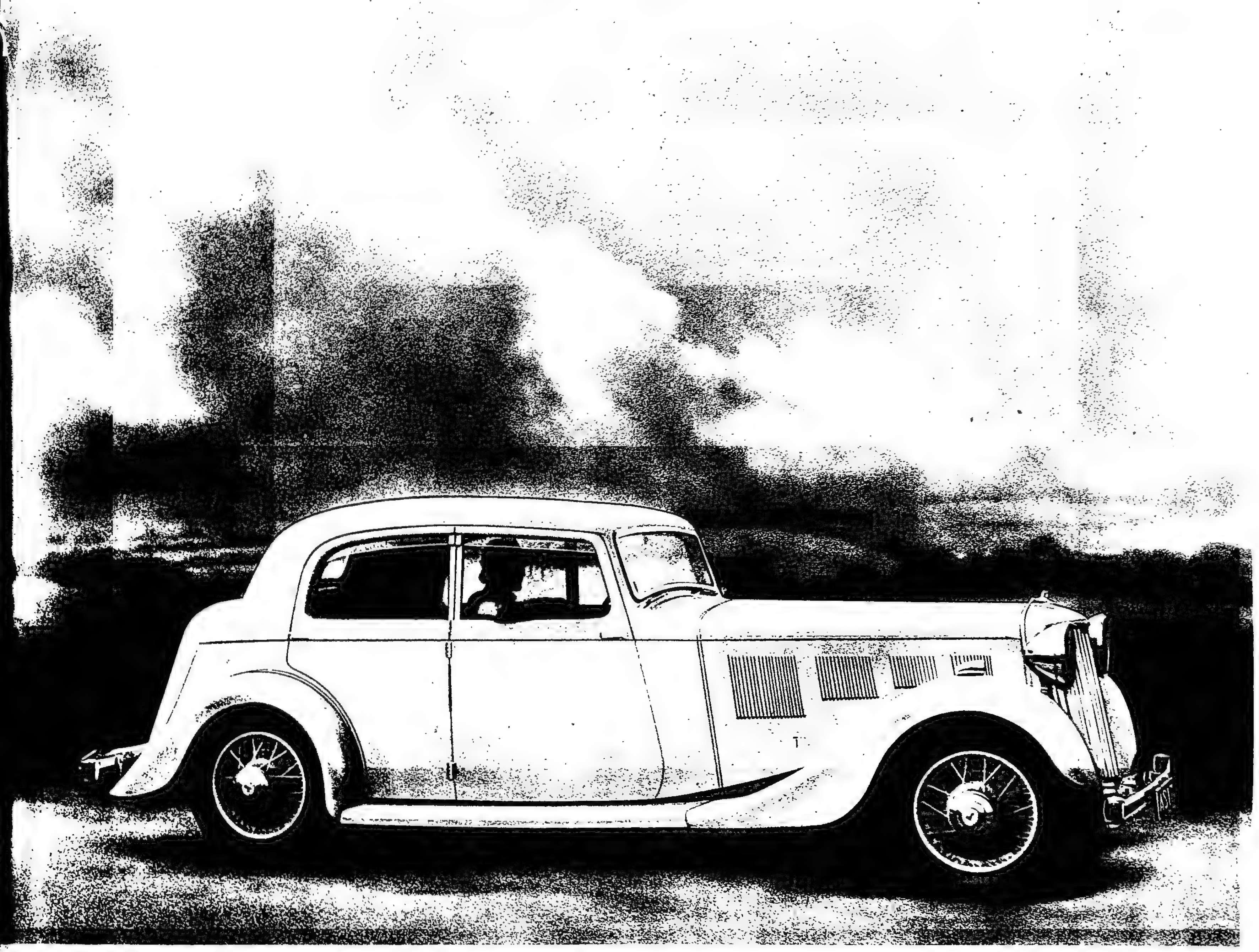


ACROSS.

1. Colourless (6).
6. A dark animal—but not a horse (5).
11. Poor in spirit (4).
12. You and he in a tree gives you the number (5).
14. Assaults in which nails play a part (7).
17. Part of a pipe (6).
19. A woman is mainly responsible for the separation (5).
20. Animals in an excursion train (4).
22. A foreigner in London (3).
23. Dried up—in language, perhaps (4).
24. The pace is all wrong here (4).
25. Fitting to measure (4).
26. Three-quarters of No. 23 Across (3).
28. Unintentionally (8).
30. A charge to the left (5).
33. The spirit shown by a beginner (3).
35. It is possibly gained by now (3).
36. This will, of course, have to be granted (5).
39. "Darnlace" (anag.; 8).
42. Here you are held in regard (3).
44. Beverages on sale (4).
45. On top (4).
46. Here we have to admit a promise, as it were (4).
47. A spread of sorts (3).
48. Produces some effect on cats (4).
49. A number of centres (5).
50. By making a detour in a certain direction the fortification may be reached (6).
52. Asperse (7).
54. We have miscalculated, as it might at a stretch be inferred (5).
55. A plant which seems to convey a greeting (4).
56. Livelihood (5).
57. Fragments (6).

DOWN.

2. Re-dealt in a way, of course, implies changed (7).
3. Liberty granted (5).
4. We must put our money on the card if we want to beat (4).
5. A fluid both found and not found in drink (3).
6. "Hot gears" (anag.; 8).
7. Segments (4).
8. A flutter in "Macbeth" (3).
9. The part of a newspaper for a trader (6).
10. This will be approved after examination (6).
13. Hollows (5).
15. One might get weary of a row like this (4).
16. To cut so is surely to disdain (5).
18. Chose (5).
21. It is possible to smuggle in this vessel (3).
25. Oh, my! Here 's a name for a hairy appendage! (4).
27. The outlook is very dark when the bone turns black (4).
29. You will surely be able to solve this to a great extent (4).
31. Animals found in the West of Africa (4).
32. Introduced in one way (8).
34. Importance (5).
36. The word here describes itself (5).
37. Attached (7).
38. A vessel in a vessel in the channels (6).
39. Here we have to obtain possession by force (5).
40. Such a person might perhaps be your uncle (6).
41. Ready for a blow (3).
43. Or you were long ago (3).
46. A man of many pretensions? (4).
48. An exhalation from a laurel bush (5).
49. It involves an exchange (4).
51. The metal of a foreigner (3).
53. A paternal expression of disgust perhaps (3).



THE Armstrong Siddeley ATALANTA

This 17 h.p. car sets a new standard among high performance cars at a moderate price. It has exceptionally rapid acceleration, extreme responsiveness and a plentiful reserve of power. It is a delightful car to drive, silent alike in town and on the open road. Its stylish 4-door saloon coachwork has good visibility and headroom and ample luggage accommodation. At £525 (ex Works) it is outstanding value among British luxury cars.

The Atalanta is also available on the 20/25 h.p. chassis at £625.

Write for our interesting Catalogue "S K" and let us arrange a trial through your local agent.

ARMSTRONG SIDDELEY MOTORS LTD., COVENTRY . LONDON: 10 OLD BOND ST. W.1 . MANCHESTER: 35 KING ST. WEST

Agents in all principal centres

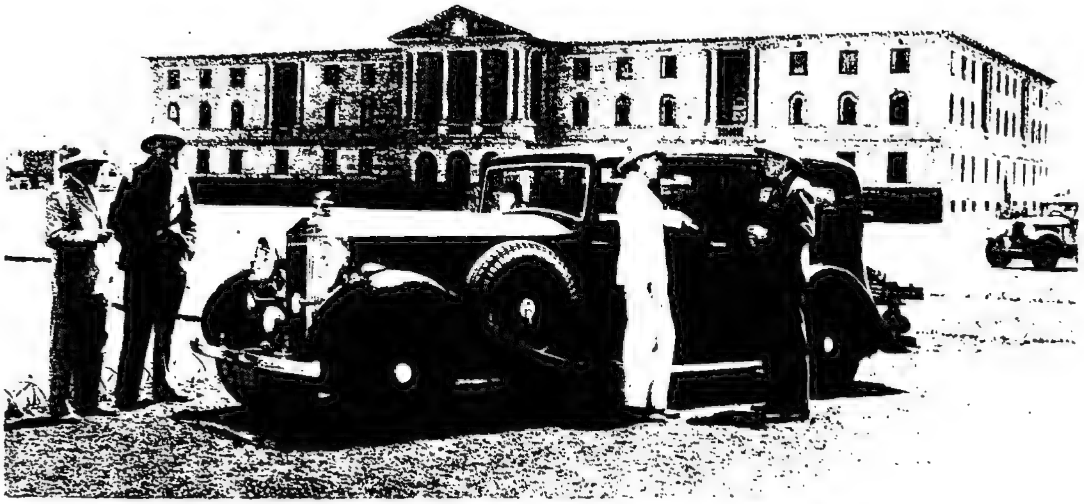
BUY A QUALITY CAR MADE IN THE UNITED KINGDOM

AS383

MOTOR DICTA. By H. E. SYMONS.

IN the tropics, as everyone knows, there are the "rains." At a certain time of the year clouds begin to gather, and presently the rain comes down in bucketfuls, not for an hour, or for a day, but for solid weeks and months. All yesterday and all through to-day we have been racing the rains. Thunder has rumbled in the hills around us, and lightning has blazed in the grey sky. Three days ago we left Nairobi, setting out to motor home the way we had come—back across Uganda and the Belgian Congo, through French Equatorial Africa, the Cameroons, Nigeria, and the Sahara. Time is short, and we cannot afford to do much dallying by the wayside. But if the rains catch us, we shall be well and truly caught; rivers that we crossed easily a week ago may be impassable, and many of the roads we traversed will be waterlogged swamps of black mud.

We get out our maps and speculate on future possibilities. To-morrow night, if we start early enough in the morning, we should be at Bomgasson, across the great Ubangui River, and in French territory. For the next two days we shall be winding through river valleys, crossing a dozen watercourses in primitive ferries. If we can get over this section before the rains, we shall be safe, for the wet season in Northern Nigeria does not start until the end of April. And in the Sahara—well, it doesn't rain often enough for the matter to be worth considering.



The ROLLS-ROYCE "PHANTOM III." *in our photograph is shown at Nairobi, shortly after its arrival.* MR. A. E. POLLARD, *H.M. Trade Commissioner for East Africa, is welcoming* MR. H. E. SYMONS *outside the Nairobi Law Courts after his wonderful run across Africa in the Rolls. Mr. Pollard is on the right, Mr. Symons in the centre, and Messrs. H. B. Browning and H. F. Hamilton, who shared the driving, are on the left, by the front of the car. Not a drop of water was added to the radiator between Derby and Nairobi.*

To-day we started from Aba, near the Sudan border, in a frightful downpour, but as we came further west, it cleared a little. Then it rained again for a while. And here we are in a little so-called hotel in a jungle village, looking forward to a marvellous dinner, prepared by a cheerful Belgian girl with pale-blue eyes like those of a Siamese cat. The clouds are dark-grey, and the thunder rumbles ominously. *Will* we get through? We have had a wonderful run. I've told you of our trip to Nairobi. Five days and two hours from England to Nigeria, and under seven days from Fort Lamy, near Lake Tchad, right across Africa to Nairobi. We spent three-and-a-half days at that pleasant place, and now we are well on our way

[*Continued on page* XII.

She's a hiker . . .

This girl would be a good walker, if only her clothes would let her. Some petrols suffer from the same handicap; they've got the essential power but not in a form in which it is most effective in the high-compression engine.

Shell, on the other hand, is really good petrol made still more suitable for the modern car by the new "re-forming" process.

WHY SHELL SUITS THE MODERN ENGINE

All motor spirit consists of atoms of hydrogen and carbon. In ordinary petrol these atoms take the form of long chains, in which formation they combine irregularly with the oxygen from the carburettor. This produces rough running and "pinking" in the modern engine. Shell rearranges these atoms into compact groups by the "re-forming" process. In this formation they combine evenly with the oxygen. Thus combustion is controlled and "pinking" prevented.

YOU CAN BE SURE OF SHELL

1837 1937

Marshall & Snelgrove's CENTENARY

IN A YEAR SO SIGNAL AS THAT OF 1837, which witnessed the accession of Queen Victoria, the House of Marshall & Snelgrove made its modest beginning with a small double-fronted shop at No. 11, Vere Street.

FROM the commencement, Marshall & Snelgrove's realised that to satisfy people of quality everything must be of the highest standard, and the goods sold by this House have never fallen below those exacting ideals insisted upon by the Founders.

THE success of this policy may be judged from the great progress of the organisation to its present position occupying one of the most important island sites in Oxford Street.

IN these days of changing standards Marshall & Snelgrove still retain the time-honoured conception of courtesy, quality and service, but they combine with it the modern ideas of progress and expansion.

A DELIGHTFUL Gown and Cape of lace embroidered with metal. The leaves and sprays of the lace are appliquéd on to the net. An ensemble suitable for dinner or reception, which would also lend itself most admirably to Court wear by dispensing with the cape and adding a train of double net, with leaves and sprays of the lace appliquéd down both sides and round the bottom of the train, forming a border.
Priced at twenty-one and a half guineas.

MARSHALL & SNELGROVE
Oxford Street
W.1.

Lisle

By ALLEN SOLLY
Enquiries
32 SAVILE ROW, LONDON, W.1
(Wholesale only)

Hair Styling By Dickins & Jones

Here we show one of the many exclusive Hairdressing styles executed by our experts for the Coronation Season.

VISITORS TO LONDON
Special arrangements have been made to enable visitors to London to have every possible care and attention.

Dickins & Jones have a highly competent staff for Permanent Waving, Beauty Treatments, Manicure, Chiropody . . . . appointments may be booked on the telephone . . . . Regent 7070. A Brochure giving full details of our Beauty Service will be sent on request.

HAIRDRESSING & BEAUTY SALONS THIRD FLOOR

Dickins & Jones LTD.
Regent Street, W.1

" You rang, Sir ? "
" *How did I get on this ship ?* "
" This isn't a ship, Sir. This is the Hotel Splendide."
" *H'm. I see. Can't you do anything to stop it rolling ?* "
" Rolling, Sir ? Oh — yes, of course. I'll speak to the manager, Sir. We'll have it stopped at once."
" *Don't go away. Do you happen to know precisely what I'm doing in the Hotel Splendide? My memory isn't too good. Must have had a nasty jar !* "
" You had several jars, Sir, if I may say so. You arrived with three other gentlemen. I succeeded in undressing you, Sir — but you insisted on retaining your silk hat. I understood it was a very valuable one Sir. Belonged to your great-grandfather."
" *H'm. Yes. I see. Er — have you got anything — er — that is to say —* "
" A nice, long, cool, Rose's Lime Juice Sir. Ice of course. Taken *before*, it is a valuable neutralising agent. Taken *after*, an excellent corrective. It is not too much to say Sir, that in Rose's we have a new therapeutic agent to combat a condition which, alas, is — "
" *Deeds fellow — not words ! Begone ! Speed hence — returning with your life-restoring draught of Rose's.* "

ROSE'S LIME JUICE — THE WISE MAN'S NIGHTCAP

that's a

LANCHESTER FOURTEEN *Roadrider*

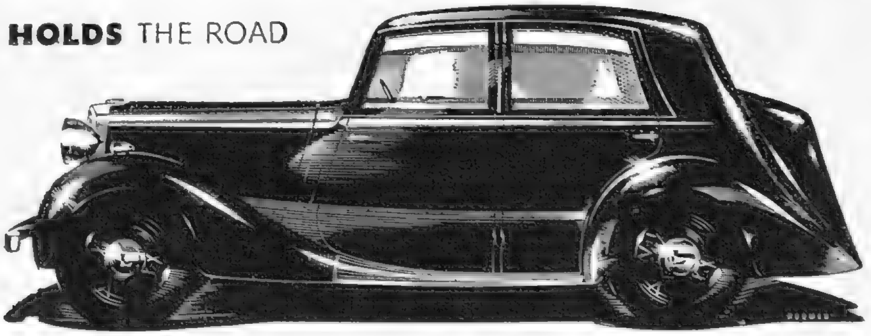
Fresh from the excitement of a crisp gallop, they admire another type of speed—controlled, balanced, exhilarating — the hushed, gliding pace of a Lanchester. It's stirring to watch a Lanchester pass—it's *thrilling* to be inside one. If you want a new sense of power in a new sort of motoring — ask your local dealer for a trial ride to-day.

LANCHESTER 6-CYLINDER FOURTEEN ROADRIDER from

£325

TAX £10s. 10s.

FEEL HOW SHE **HOLDS** THE ROAD



SPORTS SALOON **£340**

DAIMLER FLUID FLYWHEEL TRANSMISSION - **BUY A CAR MADE IN THE UNITED KINGDOM**

The Lanchester Motor Co. Ltd. III, Sandy Lane, Coventry

Sole London Distributors

145-50 PARK LANE, W.1 *Grosvenor 3434* THE CAR MART LTD *320 EUSTON ROAD, N.W.1* *Euston 1212*

An Inexpensive Coat in Wool Georgette

Combining cloqué with wool georgette, this attractive coat is lined throughout. In black, navy, nigger and beige. Three sizes - - 7 1/2 Gns.

(Catalogue sent on request)

Debenham & Freebody

WIGMORE STREET, W.1. (Debenhams Ltd.)

Flexees

TWIN AND SUPER CONTROL

There's a FLEXEES for every costume . . . and every costume is lovelier with a FLEXEES! The diagonal discipline of our Improved Twin and Super Control moulds you and holds you in lines of natural loveliness. Wear a FLEXEES, and instantly acquire a new grace . . . the poise, the fluid lines of youth. Twin Control is perfect if you're average . . . if your proportions are statuesque, we created Super Control especially for you. FLEXEES cost from 1 gn. to 6 gns. at all good stores. Flexees, Ltd., 175 Regent Street, London, W.1, will gladly send you a booklet and the name of your nearest retailer on receiving a postcard.

THE WORLD'S LOVELIEST FOUNDATIONS

JAEGER

Dorothy Round Sports Skirt

New, practical and very brief—they are the smartest things on the courts this year. They are cut on the cross, zipped neatly up the side, and are made of Jaeger flannel or linen. Whether you have or have not the figure for shorts, you will find these skirts are a most becoming sports fashion. You will see them this season wherever sports stars gather.

JAEGER HOUSE
204, Regent St. W.1

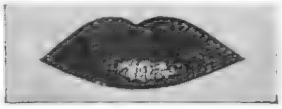
TANGEE
the Years Away

Watch Tangee's magic Colour Change Principle bring your lips the blush-rose shade of youth

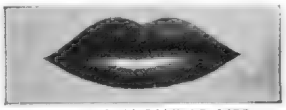
Your lips will be admired for their irresistible *youthful* appeal if you use Tangee Lipstick. Tangee ends that "painted look" . . . brings out the *natural* beauty of your lips because Tangee *isn't paint*. Made with the magic Colour Change Principle, Tangee changes on your lips from orange in the stick to soft blush-rose, *smart* as well as lovely. For Paris definitely says, "Paint is out of harmony with today's fashions." Use Tangee Rouge, too, for it brings a natural *youthful* colour to your cheeks.

See how Tangee Lipstick's special cream base soothes and softens lips while you sleep

Use Tangee Lipstick the last thing before you go to bed, for it is one cosmetic that need not be removed at night. Tangee protects lips from damage caused by spring's chill winds, by *soothing* them during the night. Awake with colourful lips. No more pale, drab "morning look". Tangee doesn't rub off; never smears bed linens. Try Tangee: 1/9 and 4/6.



PAINTED GLARING LIPS



TANGEE GLOWING LIPS

World's Most Famous Lipstick

TANGEE

ENDS THAT PAINTED LOOK

Luft-Tangee Ltd., 88 Regent Street, W.1. *Works: Johnsons Place, Pimlico, S.W.1.*

Designed by Fashion

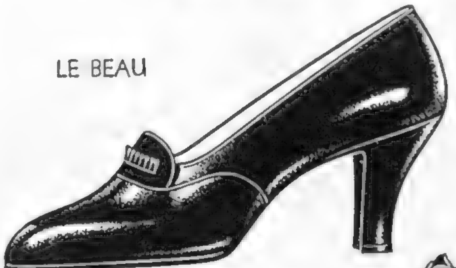
WITH

Arch-Curve

FITTING

Your feet will have new comfort, new grace new freedom from arch fatigue if your ARCH CURVE is correctly fitted. Scientific fitting at this neglected point is announced in the newest foot-flattering Selberite Arch Preservers for Spring. Now showing at 300 shops in the British Isles.

LE BEAU



MAUDE

SELBERITE ARCH PRESERVER SHOE

Look for this trade mark. All genuine Arch Preservers bear it.

Selberite ARCH PRESERVER SHOES

Write for list of 300 Authorised fitting agents, also for new Spring catalogue, to—

ARCH PRESERVER SHOE, LTD.,

(London Office) 53 REGENT ARCADE HOUSE, REGENT ST., W.1

'I must apologise—I came straight on from golf—hadn't a minute to dash home and change'

'Well there's no need for apologies you look grand. That's a Braemar suit you're wearing, I bet'

The lady just off the golf-course is wearing a Braemar knitted tailored suit which is not only supremely comfortable but irreproachably fashion-right. This suit costs 89/6. Her friend is wearing a Braemar jumper in cobweb-weight Pure Cashmere which costs 27/6. If you would like to see other Braemar styles with range of prices, write to the makers (the address is below) for the charming new Spring booklet. They will also send you the name of your nearest retailer.

BRAEMAR

KNITTED SPORTSWEAR

You can get 'Braemar' at most good Stores and Shops

INNES, HENDERSON & CO. LTD.
Hawick, Scotland, and at
Axtell House, Warwick Street, London, W.1.
Also makers of Braemar Underwear

TO obtain the exactly right effect when you wear your tiara and coronet for the Coronation, you must go to a hair dresser who understands the preliminary requirements of these things. A hairdresser, in short, who has spent a life-time in creating hair styles for the leaders of fashion in the highest ranks of Society. Your coronet will remain comfortably and securely on your head if you have it fixed by Emile's special new devices. 'Phone or write in good time for an appointment with Emile. The sooner you do this the better.

EMILE LTD.

24-25, CONDUIT STREET, LONDON, W.2

Phone: Mayfair 6263 (3 lines). 'Grams: "Ondulateur, Piccy, London."

Dressing Cases by FINNIGANS of Bond Street

In finest Hazel Pigskin, lined leather, fitted as follows:—Two Ivory Hair Brushes. Ivory Clothes Brush. Ivory Mounted Glass Soap Jar, Oil Bottle, Talcum Powder Jar and Tooth Paste and Tooth Brush Bottle. Chromium Shaving Brush, and Shaving Stick Tubes. 'Gillette' Razor. Nickel Shoelift. Nail Scissors. Perrier Knife. Nail File. Comb. Mirror and Stud Box. £15.0.0

We have many other cases from 4 gns. to 50 gns.

FINNIGANS 17-20, New Bond St., W.1 and at 123, Deansgate, Manchester, 3.

The House of the Present.

DEFINITION OF COMFORT...

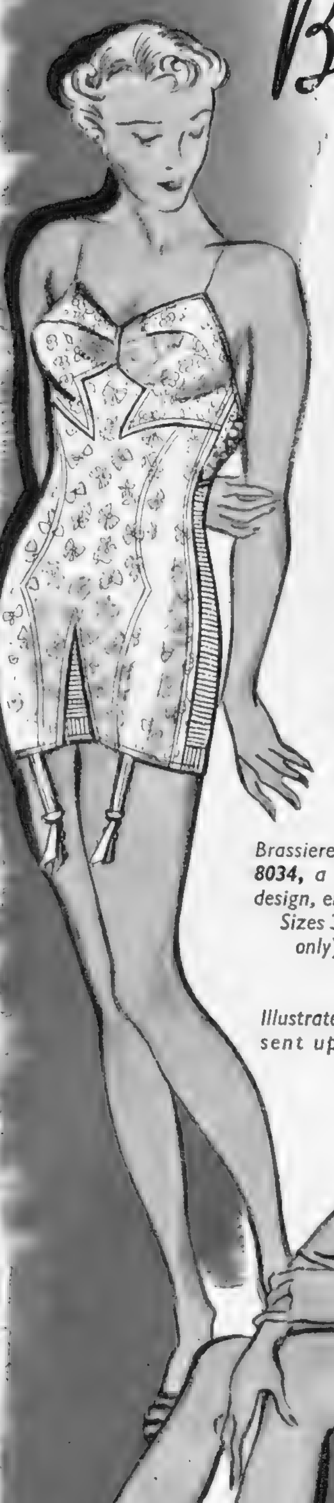
"IN the country, in the quiet places," one would fain feel carefree in the matter of dress. Perfect ease should be achieved in clothes so comfortable that their wearer is scarce conscious of them. The 'Straith' jumper aptly defines the idea of comfort with smartness, and is the very thing that the woman of fashion would choose to wear when visitors invade her pastoral retreat.

Pesco

SCOTTISH SPORTSWEAR

Obtainable from all outfitters. Fully illustrated Brochure of current styles and names of nearest agents on request. Ask also for Pesco Underwear, Swim-Suits and Hosiery.

PETER SCOTT & CO. LTD., (Dept. 29), HAWICK, SCOTLAND



Be Glorified

BY GOSSARD

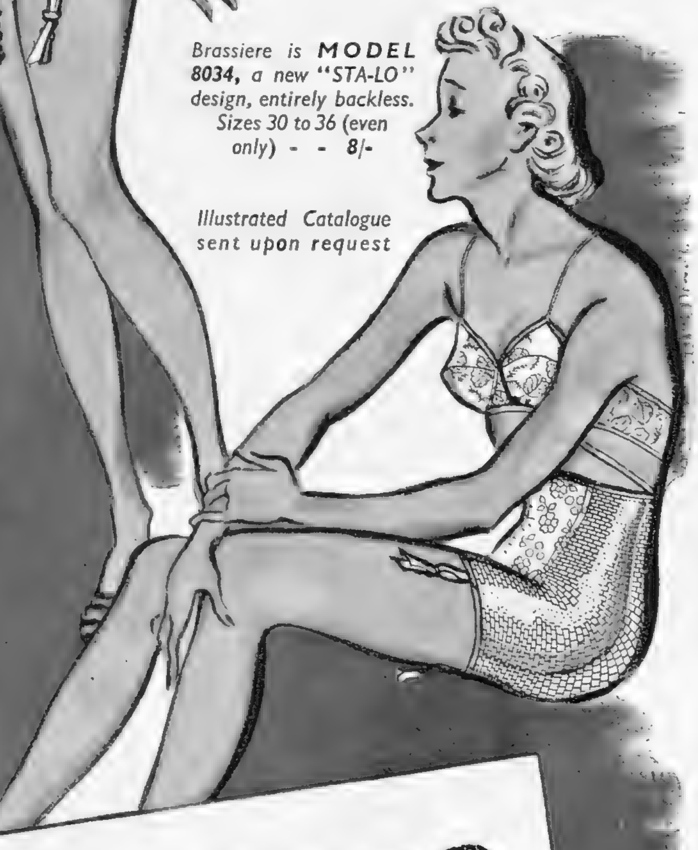
Enter Goss-Amour, a new diaphanous delight for women who care . . . a slenderer, sleeker silhouette comes like magic at its tender touch. Its silken power-elastic net, so fine, so sheer that it rivals your hose, is yet more gently persuasive than most two-way elastics. But, of course, it is one of the new Line of Beauty foundations by Gossard. What more can be said to its praise!

MODEL 4824 is a GOSSARD All-in-ONE, a new design of figured batiste, cut low at back. The top is of lace; diaphragm is lightly boned. Tea rose. Sizes 34 to 42 (odd and even). - - - - - - 47/6

MODEL 7370 is a STEP-IN for the tall figure. It is made of GOSS-AMOUR net, and has a slender front panel of fine lace. Tea rose. Sizes 26 to 32. - - - 63/-

Brassiere is **MODEL 8034**, *a new "STA-LO" design, entirely backless. Sizes 30 to 36 (even only) - - 8/-*

Illustrated Catalogue sent upon request



GOSSARD

New Line of Beauty

GOSSARD LTD., 168 REGENT ST., LONDON, W.1. (Wholesale only)

Smartly-tailored **coat and skirt** in a new fabric—delustred rayon with self-coloured spots. Light and cool. Well-balanced skirt with pleats back and front. Colours: navy, beige, soft green, and powder blue. Price **5½ gns.**

Shirt of washing satin with soft jabots, easily laundered. Colours: beige, flesh and ivory. Price **35/9.**

Practical **coat and skirt** in wool madalayne, well-tailored. Adaptable collar, easily worn high or low. Skirt on elastic petersham, side pleats back and front. Colours: navy, soft blue, beige, grey and green. Price **5 gns.**

Can also be made in a wide range of colours. Patterns on application.

Two Examples from the Delightful Collection of the Latest Outdoor Styles at

From the Knitwear Department Second Floor.

Woollands

Tel.: Sloane 4545

of Knightsbridge, London, S.W.1

Lace Stitch JUMPER

ZENA.—This gossamer-like lace stitch chiffon lined Jumper of classic beauty is unique in gentle lines, becoming softnesses and rich embroidery at the neck and wrists. Mushroom pink, pastel beige, pale duck egg and pearl grey. 36, 38, 40 and 42 ins. sizes.

Price

49/6

Knitwear Third Floor.

Dickins & Jones Ltd.

Regent Street, London, W.1.

New Furs for Old!

Madam, that old fur coat or tie of yours is worth money! We will take it in part exchange for any fur from our extensive stock of high quality New Season's Models.

This is a genuine offer, not a mere selling device. We ship part-worn furs abroad, making *your* old fur worth money to us. That is why we can make it worth money to you.

Bring it to us and it will secure you a substantial reduction on the price of your new Season's fur.

We have the most exquisite stock of furs in London—and offer the finest value obtainable.

WEST CENTRAL FUR STORES

London's most Inexpensive Emporium

74, OXFORD STREET, W.1

Direction—1 minute from Tottenham Court Road Tube

ECCLES CARAVANS *are built for* CARAVANNING

IF you pause to think why other people buy Eccles caravans, you will probably—and very wisely—follow their example. If you are buying a caravan to live in—comfortably, healthily, economically and lazily, remember Eccles have been building just such caravans for a very long time. Eccles caravans are built by practical caravanners—and incorporate all the knowledge of *your* requirements that long experience has demonstrated. For a caravan to caravan in—whether you wish to cross the Sahara or just amble round the country—you will never find better value than Eccles. The 1937 catalogue awaits your post-card.

ECCLES MOTOR CARAVANS LTD.

120-128, Hazelwell Lane, Stirchley, BIRMINGHAM.

fbl.

FOR APPOINTMENT TELEPHONE MAYFAIR 1308..1913..1939

Francis

COIFFEUR DE DAMES, LTD

She has personality . . . a flair for discovering artists who devote all their experience to creating that exclusive atmosphere that one associates with her.

Her particular care is her hair. She has found artists who can, in this lovely living medium, express her personality to perfection. Her coiffeur, of course, is Francis.

3, HANOVER SQUARE LONDON, W.1

and at

PARK PALACE MONTE-CARLO

PHONE: M.C. 02-824

HAIRS

SUPERFLUOUS HAIR
Can you look your best with a growth of hair? Or feel your best?

Consult Helen Lawrence

and get expert advice for your superfluous Hair
Not a Depilatory. Not Electrolysis.
Call or write for Home Treatment 13
Personal Treatment at Kensington 10 6
Postage abroad 2/6

'Phone: Western 4518
Hours 10 to 5
Sat.: 10 to 1

81, EARL'S COURT ROAD, Kensington, LONDON, W.8.

SPORTING BRONZES

Every sportsman appreciates a work of art which reminds him of happy days at home and abroad, in the field and in the ring, with horse, hound, gun, rod, rifle, or the gloves, and for those to whom considerations of space or price make the hanging of original pictures prohibitive, a sporting group in bronze has a special attraction. At the Sporting Gallery may be seen many such bronzes by sportsmen-artists, and from amongst them it is easy to select a delightful and very individual gift for a sportsman friend.

Prices from 4 Gns.

THE SPORTING GALLERY,
70, Jermyn Street, London, W.1.

BREAST SUPPORTER

Beware of Harmful Substitutes WHICH NEITHER SUPPORT NOR UPLIFT

The illustration shows left breast supported and right unsupported. Only **JOUJOU BREAST SUPPORTER** gives this correct improvement: must be worn day and night. **GUARDS** against **CANCER, TUMOUR, MASTITIS,** and relieves **PAIN** immediately.

Various prices for one's requirements and taste.

Trade Mark. Regd. Design. Copyright Reserved.

White material. For drooping, heavy figures. **38 6**

Loose breasts **32 6**

Pink Silk or Net, detachable straps, from **52/6**

Please state Bust and Underbust measurements.

For small Figures only, in white fine material, **15/6**

Very low back models, **63/-**

WITHOUT & WITH

For Girls, Mothers and Nursing Mothers, JOUJOU BREAST SUPPORTER is invaluable—uplifts breasts, prevents from becoming heavy, painful and loose.

LOW BACK, ETC., FOR BATHING, From 25/6

ALSO A NEW INVENTION for AMPUTATION

Breast Supporter with Pad. *Prices on application.*

HOSIERY, BATHING COSTUMES, ETC.

Orders guaranteed immediately executed by return post. Free Illustrated Circular. If not satisfactory, money returned in U.K. only on receipt of goods by return post. Personal fitting when calling, or send your order.

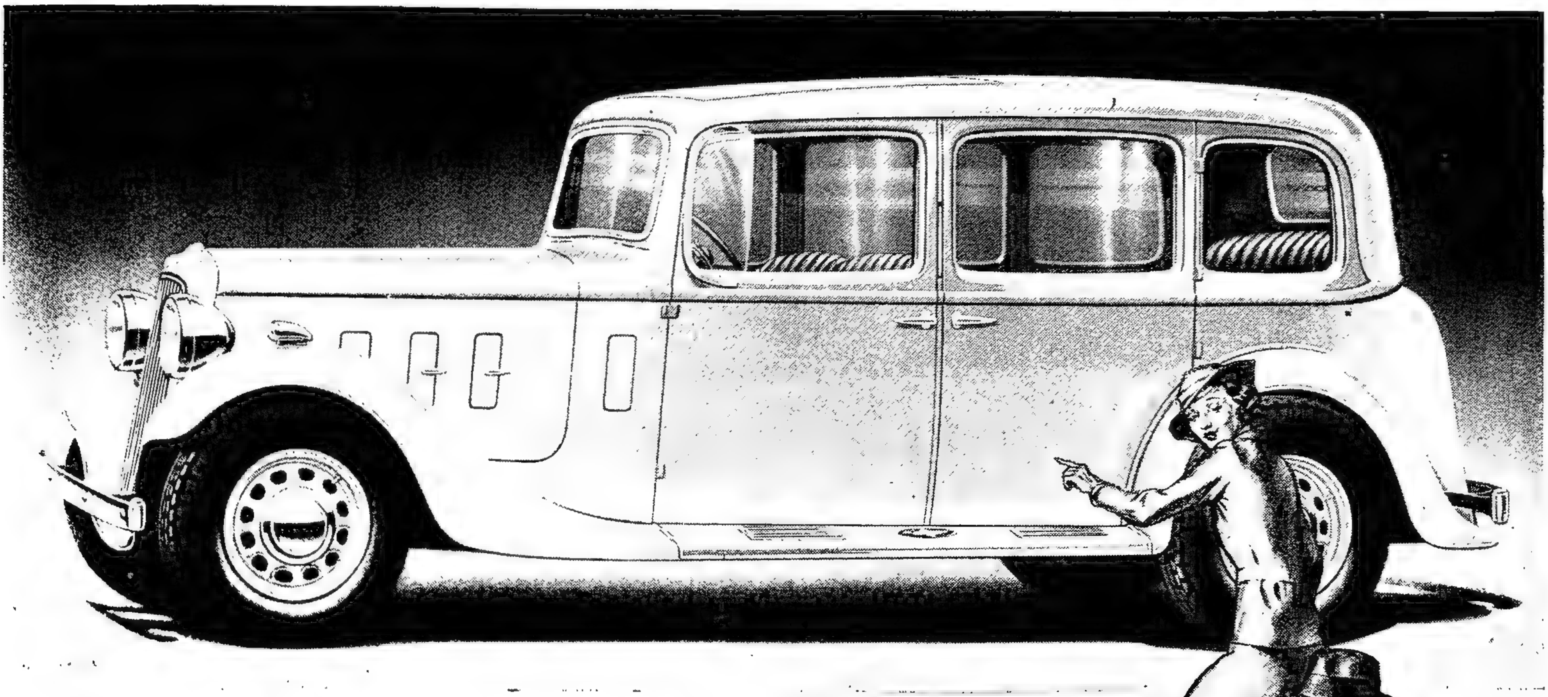
Post free only in U.K. *Obtainable only from*

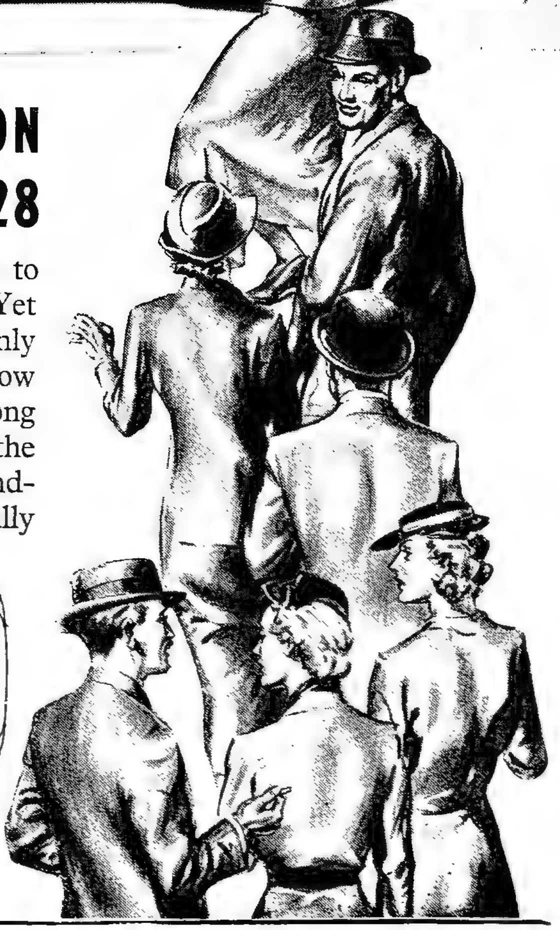
"JOUJOU" Co. Dept. SH. 1447 645

32, BAKER STREET, LONDON, W.1
Telephone - - WELBECK 1249

BE SURE YOUR CAR IS MADE IN THE UNITED KINGDOM

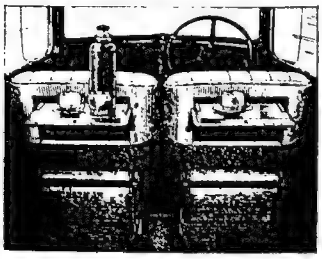
Oh yes-ALL* get in *there's heaps of room*





*THE ONLY BRITISH 7-SEATER SALOON ANYWHERE NEAR THIS PRICE—£328

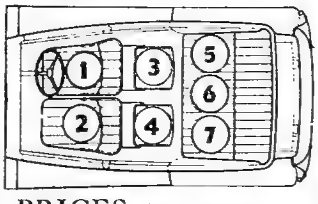
This car is a *real* seven-seater. There is no question of being able to squeeze in seven 'at a pinch'; seats are provided for seven passengers. Yet the Austin Eighteen, with its extraordinary seating capacity, costs only £328. No other British full seven-seater can be bought at such a low price. Since, then, the Austin Eighteen York Saloon is exceptional among motoring values—and in addition gives you the lasting satisfaction of the soundest workmanship, a wealth of minor refinements, and the dependability of an Austin—no wonder it is a popular investment, especially among professional and business men.



HAVE YOU SEEN THE AUSTIN MAGAZINE FOR APRIL?

NOTABLE FEATURES:

Two occasional folding seats. Folding occasional tables. Front seats independently adjustable—rear seats also adjustable. Smooth six-cylinder engine. Synchromesh gears. Girling brakes. Jackall hydraulic jacks. Hydraulic shock absorbers. Zinc interleaved springing. Adjustable steering column. Pytchley sliding roof. Extra low-pressure tyres. Triplex toughened glass.



PRICES *(at works)*:

YORK SALOON	£328
CHALFONT SALOON *(with division)* ...	£335
HERTFORD SALOON *(five-seater)* ...	£298

THE *Austin* EIGHTEEN

YOU BUY A CAR—BUT YOU INVEST IN AN AUSTIN

The Austin Motor Co. Ltd., Birmingham & 479 Oxford Street, London, W.1. London Service Depots: 12, 14, 18 & 20 h.p.—Holland Park, W.11. 7 & 10 h.p.—North Row, W.1. Export Dept.: Birmingham.

[Continued.]

home, our Rolls-Royce "Phantom III." limousine going as well as ever. It's an amazing car. We *still* haven't put any water in the radiator since the car left the works at Derby. And the speedometer shows that 8500 miles have been covered since then including crossing the Sahara and the arid wastes north of the Congo. We're going to see if we can get right back to England without topping-up the radiator!

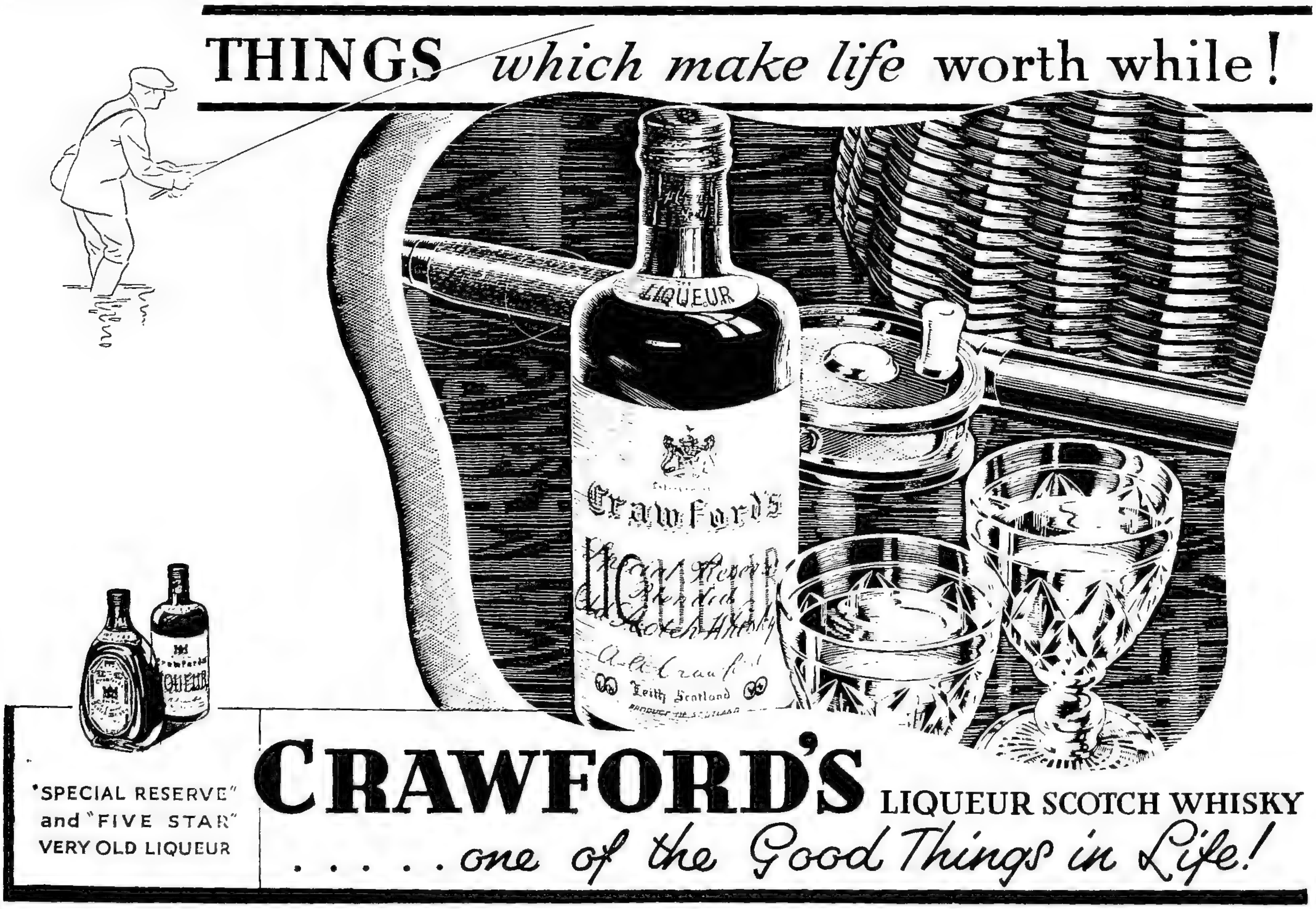
This new VAUXHALL *"14" is, undoubtedly, a very distinctive car and one that is well to the forefront of modern design. It's pleasantly streamlined coachwork is enhanced by the handsome radiator, which has a chromium grille and modern design bonnet louvres. Available with the choice of a 12-h.p. or a 14-h.p. engine, the De Luxe Saloon illustrated above now costs £215.*

We left Port Mahagi, on the shores of Lake Albert, yesterday morning, fairly late. By seven-thirty in the evening we found a hotel, and a very good one at that, at Aba, on the main road from Juba, where the Imperial Airways machines stop for the night on their way to and from South Africa. As at the Railway Rest House at Kano, in Nigeria, the rooms were like little bungalows, each with its own bath-room. Amazing to relate, porridge and eggs-and-bacon were served for breakfast as a matter of course! To-day we have averaged nearly 40 m.p.h. for our day's run of 360 miles, *including* an hour's stop for lunch, a long stop for petrol, and two lengthy river crossings in ferries built up from dug-out canoes. It just shows that you can't beat a Rolls-Royce for long-distance motoring. And remember that the Congo roads are for the most part only just wide enough for the car, and grass grows two feet high between the ruts. Not exactly a speedway!

I must give credit to the Belgian Congo authorities for trying really hard to please motoring tourists. The roads may, in places, be narrow and grass-grown, but they are nearly always smooth, and you can do a comfortable 40 or 50 m.p.h. without any fear of hitting some chassis-shattering bump or a boulder hidden in the grass. In addition, there are good hotels scattered about the country, as well as decent rest-houses. And in the way of attractions, there are tropical jungles, mountains, volcanoes, vast lakes, elephants, pygmies, and goodness knows what besides.

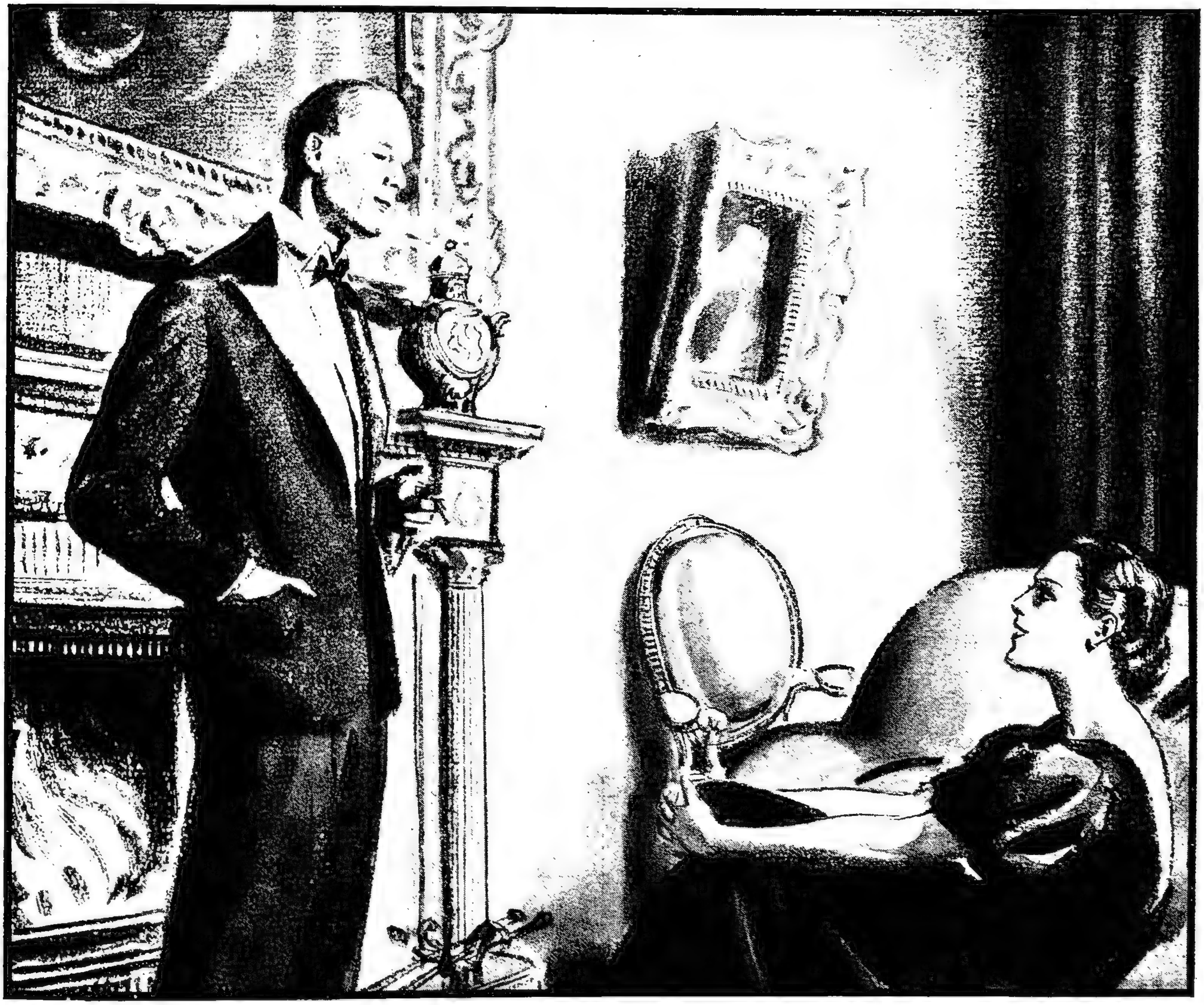
Wherever we stop for a meal or a night's rest, lonely Europeans come up to me and ask if they may see the engine. The Rolls-Royce "Phantom III." power-unit is certainly impressive, to say nothing of its beautiful finish. People just gasp at the distances we cover, without fatigue, in the day. They find it hard to believe that a £2600 seven-seater limousine is so suitable for rough work in countries where the main roads are frightful cart-tracks. That is what is so wonderful about the Rolls-Royce: you can get into it and be driven a few yards to the post-office, or you can order your chauffeur to drive you to Cape Town!

A word of praise is due to the Park-Ward coachwork on our car. It has not a rattle in it, and, barring a few scratches from bushes lining some of the narrow tracks we have followed, it looks as smart to-day as it did when we left London. Sand-winds in the desert, and the glare of the equatorial sun have failed to dim its lustre.



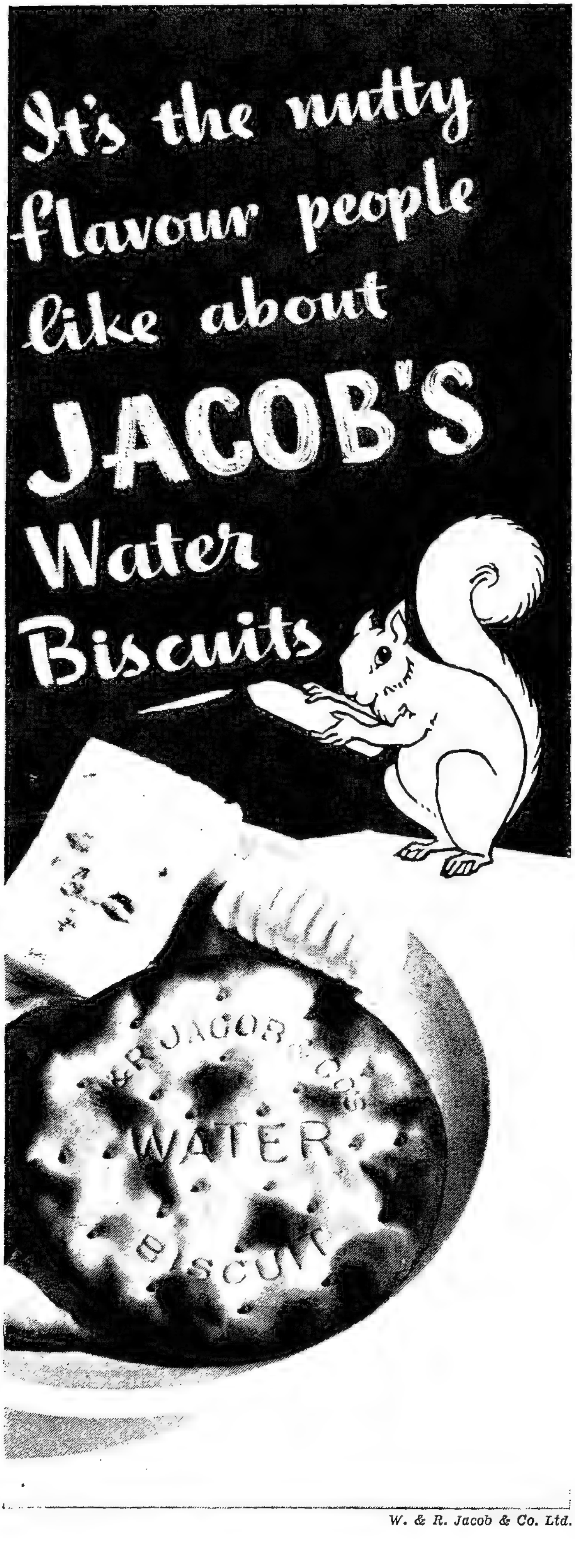
HEARD IN THE LIBRARY

"About this wedding-present, Betty—what sort of car is it you want?" "Haven't decided yet, except that it's got to be made in this country. Philip agrees with me—we ought to back home industry every time"



buy a car made in the

UNITED KINGDOM



W. & R. Jacob & Co. Ltd.

POSTSCRIPT BY MARIEGOLD.

THE opening week at Covent Garden will give opera-goers a well-contrasted musical menu. On Monday, April 19, we will assemble in our tiaras, our lacquered satins, and other Coronation season splendour, to hear "Otello," the noble Verdi opera which has only been given twice in an international Covent Garden season since 1913. There is, however, precedent for opening a season with this work, for Sir Thomas Beecham chose it for the first performance of his English season in 1919. Giovanni Martinelli is to sing Otello, a rôle he has been giving with triumphant success at the Metropolitan Opera House, New York. He is no new-comer at Covent Garden, but this generation of London opera-goers has not heard him, for he has not sung here since 1914, when he opened the last pre-war season with Melba in "Bohème," and in June of the same year sang in the same opera before such a galaxy of crowned heads and royalty that it makes one feel quite dizzy to recall their names. King George V., Queen Mary, Queen Alexandra, the Empress Marie of Russia, the Princess Royal, Princess Maud, Queen Amalie of Portugal, King Manoel, and Queen Augusta Victoria were all there. The Desdemona for April 10 is a soprano new to this country, Fernanda Ciani, who has had a rapid rise to fame in Italy and is considered particularly fine in this part.

The opera on Tuesday, April 20, is to be one of the season's novelties — Dukas' "Ariane et Barbe-Bleue," with text by Maeterlinck. This was first produced in New York in 1911, and has an interesting allegorical story in typical Maeterlinck vein, which is a considerable attraction to some people. It will be introduced at Covent Garden under the best auspices, as it is being presented by the Paris Opera and Opéra Comique, with Bernard Etcheverry and Germaine Lubin in the leading rôles. "Don Pasquale," the Donizetti "mock-marriage" opera, famous for the lovely serenade "Com e' gentile" ("Soft Beams the Light"), follows, and then, just to show that opera is not all fun and gay melody, we get "Parsifal" on the Thursday, with Fritz Reiner conducting and Kerstin Thorburg (the young Swedish soprano who created such a sensation last year as Fricka, and has since taken America by storm) as Kundry.

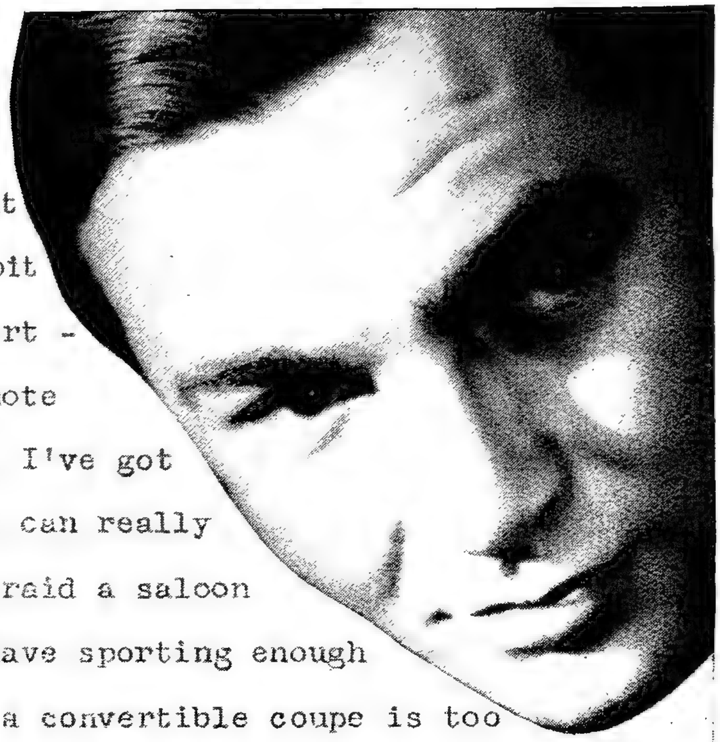
. . . . . .

Miss Harriet Cohen, the distinguished pianist, showed that she can speak as well as play last week, for she opened Mr. Alastair Stewart's exhibition of paintings at the Bloomsbury Gallery. It 's true that her speech was short, but it was well delivered and to the point. She expressed her admiration for the artist's interesting work and said that he had made her see things she had never seen before. Mr. Alastair Stewart, as his name implies, is a Scot, and, unlike Clark Gable, has no objection to beards, for he wears one! His tweeds were rough and shaggy, which I found quite refreshing in these days of ultra-stereotyped dressing amongst artists. He is a modern painter of great sensibility, and we ought certainly to hear more of him.

Miss Harriet Cohen, for all the delicacy of her appearance, is nothing if not energetic. Earlier in the day she had been at the Coronation Concert for Children given at the Central Hall, Westminster, which was honoured by the presence of the Queen and the two Princesses, who listened to the music and to Dr. Malcolm Sargent's speech with the utmost concentration. Her Majesty was presented with a magnificent bouquet and there were smaller ones for each of her daughters. Princess Margaret Rose was so pleased with hers that she held it in her hands during the concert. These morning concerts for children are organised by Dr. Robert Mayer, as I expect you know; and after the Coronation one he and his wife gave a lunch-party, at which Mr. Arnold Bax and Miss Harriet Cohen were among the guests.

. . . . . .

From Monte Carlo, where the wise and the lucky are lingering on till spring makes a more decided appearance at home, I have received the following dress pointers. At the Russian Charities gala night, Mrs. Reginald Fellowes wore black velvet cut on close-fitting lines and zipped up the back to give that poured-in effect. It had little puff sleeves with gold leather encrustations and ruby beading, and was worn with sprays of ruby and diamond flowers as ear-rings. On the evening before, Mrs. Fellowes had appeared with butterfly epaulettes of gold and red paillettes and a gold butterfly on the front of her black woollen gown. Butterflies are popular in the dress world and appear in various decorative forms at the moment. Lady Davis had one of sequins on the front of a taffeta coat the other evening — a most original coat too, for my Monte Carlo spy says that, viewed from the front, it appears to be a short "smoking jacket," while if you observe it from behind it gives a long sacque coat effect.

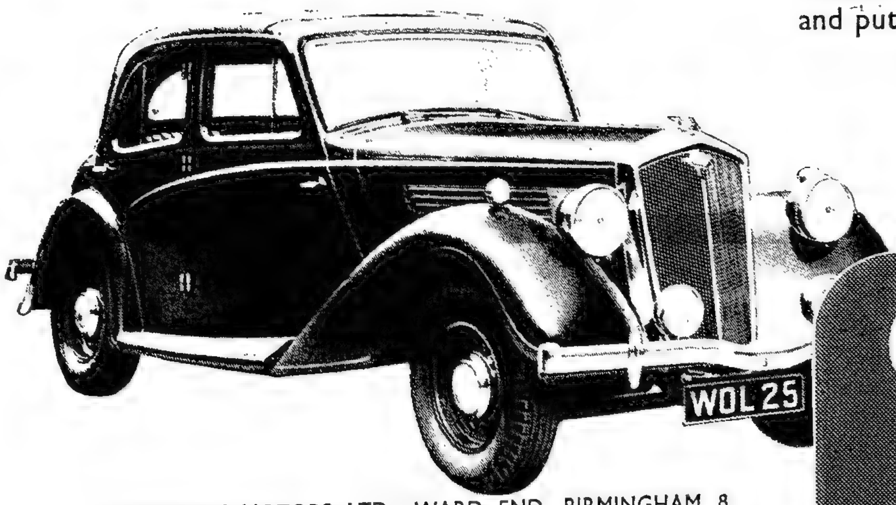


"'The Hellcat' and I are parting. She was a sport but I think we're all getting a bit tired of noise and discomfort – and the altogether too remote control. So what? Now, I've got to have something that can really shift. But I'm afraid a saloon would hardly have sporting enough lines. And a convertible coupe is too expensive. And not roomy enough for the crowd and all their stuff at week-ends. It doesn't look as if anyone makes a car for the likes of me ..!"

Oh yes we do

The Wolseley 25 h.p. Four-door Sportsman's Saloon develops over 100 b.h.p. and is specially tuned for maximum performance. Well-sprung and luxuriously upholstered, comfort sacrifices nothing to speed. Long springs, anatomical seating and extra low pressure Dunlop tyres make driving restful and smooth. It's as dashing as anything on the road, and puts away more people (and a great deal more tackle) than its lithe lines would suggest. As a car for sportsmen, it is quite unique.

Price £425. Lavish equipment includes Triplex glass, Jackall hydraulic jacks, etc. Cared for by Wolseley "Owner Contact."



WOLSELEY
25 h.p. Sportsman's SALOON

WOLSELEY MOTORS LTD., WARD END, BIRMINGHAM, 8
London Distributors: EUSTACE WATKINS LTD., BERKELEY ST., W.1
Sole Exporters: M.I.E. LTD., COWLEY, OXFORD, ENGLAND

BUY A CAR MADE IN THE UNITED KINGDOM

BROWNING ON BRIDGE: DCXCIV.

MAKING IT EASY.

DO you know that the lead of a harmless-looking little three-card may give the whole show away and make game a gift to declarer? But for this to happen the original leader must blindly follow the advice of those (and they really ought to know better by now) who say: "Lead the fourth best of your longest suit." I have never wavered in my opinion that this is a really bad lead, but, until I came across cases in actual play, where a poor little three-card did so much damage, I was not aware that the opening of fourth best is as fatal as it is. Here is an example; but first let me point out that declarer must be able to draw the same conclusions from the lead as leader's partner—*i.e.*, he must be capable of deducting the number of the pips on the card from eleven. (For some mysterious reason, the advocates of the fourth best lead—and they include most of the experts—don't give declarer the credit of being able to do this simple calculation.) Well, at no-trumps, Y led a three, and A and B hold—

Q, Kn, 10.
B (dummy)
3 led by Y — Z plays the 6
A (player)
K, 8, 7, 4.

Now, three from eleven leaves eight, and there are those eight cards in view, which are higher than the opening card. But where is the two-spot? It 's not in sight, and Z cannot have it, or why play the six on dummy's ten? Therefore Y holds it and he led that three from A, 9, 5, 3, 2. That is a positive certainty—as certain as if he turned his cards face upwards and let declarer have a look at them. You may think that unimportant, but look: had Y led the two, as any sane player would do, then where is the nine? It must (still assuming Y is leading his fourth best) be in Z's hand. At least, so A must imagine—no, not imagine; he knows *for certain* it is in Z's hand—and all the time it isn't! Again you may think this is unimportant; on the contrary, for the careful player, this information is nearly always of tremendous importance—of such importance that, on occasion, he can skin his cards for game—game for certain, all because a three, being fourth best, is led. See—

Spades—Q, Kn, 10.
Hearts—K, Kn, 9, 8, 7.
Clubs—A, 2.
Diamonds—K, 3, 2.
B (dummy)

Y: Spades—A, 9, 5, 3, 2. Hearts—4, 3. Clubs—6, 5, 4. Diamonds—Q, Kn, 4.

Z: Spades—6. Hearts—Q, 6, 5. Clubs—10, 9, 8, 7. Diamonds—A, 10, 9, 8, 7.

A (player)
Spades—K, 8, 7, 4.
Hearts—A, 10, 2.
Clubs—K, Q, Kn, 3.
Diamonds—6, 5.
Y

The contract is three no-trumps. Y leads the three of spades; dummy holds the trick. Now, there is only one danger here: a lead from Y through dummy's king of diamonds. But Y can never get in, because *obviously Y led from five spades, so Z holds no more.* A, therefore, puts himself in with the ace of hearts, leads the ten, finesses, and doesn't mind whether it wins or loses. As you see, it goes wrong; but, whatever Z leads next, A makes four hearts, four clubs, and that one spade trick safely packed up on his side. Now, I am not saying that game would not have been made had Y not led his fourth best at trick one. It would have been, of course, but I do say it is pleasant to be put in the position of seeing game and contract perfectly safe. To have things made easy for you like that saves a lot of anxiety and is soothing to the nerves; and this is exactly what the lead of fourth best does, granted always that declarer knows the eleven rule and applies it!

Obviously, the lead of a deuce always has this soothing effect on declarer. No arithmetic is needed—that deuce must come from a suit of four cards. On this combination, if the two of spades (being fourth best) is led, A can claim nine tricks at no-trumps and concede the rest.

Y

A: Spades—10, 9, 8. Hearts—A, Q, 2. Clubs—A, 3, 2. Diamonds—A, 5, 4, 3.

B: Spades—A, 4, 3. Hearts—Kn, 10, 9, 8, 7. Clubs—K, 5, 4. Diamonds—K, 6.

Z

A is playing three no-trumps. Y leads the two of spades. Without more ado, B (dummy) puts up the ace, leads the knave of hearts; if not covered by Z, A plays the queen, and if it wins, plays the ace and another. This makes four hearts, one spade, two clubs, and two diamonds a certainty. Doubtless there is an overtrick to be made, but this play, thanks to lead of fourth best, must make game against *any* adverse distribution.

CASBAH — CITY OF CRIMINALS

New Duvivier film at the Curzon

BUILT on a hill overlooking Algiers stands the Casbah, city of the world's outlaws. Inaccessible to the police, the Casbah ensures the safety of its criminal inhabitants provided they do not descend to the city below. The moment they leave their fortress they are trapped—the ever watchful cordon of police closes the net, and the wanted man—or woman—is theirs.

Detective Ashelbé, famous French Secret Service Agent, spent years waiting and watching for "wanted" men to fall or be lured into his traps. On many occasions at the risk of his life, he made visits to the city, and, bearing a charmed life, came out alive.

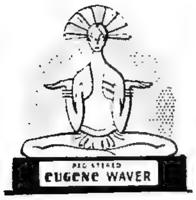
From his experiences, Ashelbé wrote a novel "PÉPÉ LE MOKO" taking as his leading character, a French criminal who pitted his wits against the detective's. This novel which is one of the most thrilling of its kind, has now been filmed under the direction of that brilliant director JULIEN DUVIVIER whose masterly production "La Bandera" will be well remembered by London film enthusiasts.

"PÉPÉ LE MOKO" is Duvivier's latest film production. He worked in collaboration with the author, and the result is an amazingly dramatic film. JEAN GABIN who starred in "La Bandera" plays the title role with MIREILLE BALIN as the woman who finally lures the outlaw to his death. This newcomer to the London screen is said to be one of the six most beautiful women in the world — Paris has acclaimed her as a great screen actress — the Radio has welcomed her as a new star. London will be given the opportunity to express its opinion on April 14th, when, with the first Gala in aid of Charity yet held at his Theatre, the Marquis de Casa Maury will present it at the Curzon. The performance is being organised by Mrs. Dudley Ward, and all the first night proceeds will be given to the Feather's Club for Children.

The Duke and Duchess of Portland, The Duchess of Westminster, the Marquess of Willingdon, The Earl of Dudley, The Earl of Derby, The Earl of Westmorland, The Duchess of Buccleuch, Lady Diana Cooper, Lord Ivor Spencer Churchill, Lord Ashfield, Sir Robert Horne, The Marchioness of Crewe and Lady Camrose are amongst those who have already purchased seats which are available at the Theatre at 1 guinea, 35s., and 2 guineas.

Advertisement for the Curzon Cinema.

A beautiful wave discovers new beauty in YOU!



● Your whole personality blossoms into new charm and chic under the magic of an inspired permanent wave. That is why smart women are Eugène waved. They know that Eugène is the one perfected system—that it creates long-lasting, perfectly natural waves and curls. On such a basis of charming and obedient hair any of the delightful new styles can be set with ease and confidence. Your self-respect demands the gracious natural beauty of a genuine Eugène Wave—created by your local Registered Eugène Waver with the world-famous Eugène Sachets. Unless your hairdresser displays the sign of the little Green Goddess and uses Eugène Sachets he is unable to give you a genuine Eugène Wave. So ask to see the Sachets actually used on your hair—back as well as front. Just to be on the *safe* side.

● FREE: Send your name and address on a postcard for a free specimen Sachet and Betty Brand's famous booklet "On Choosing a Hair-Style." Eugène, Ltd., Edgware Road, Hendon, N.W.9

EUGÈNE
Permanent WAVE

CVS—23

TWO GOLDEN OPPORTUNITIES.

(Continued from page 68.)

"Isn't it? Best thing I've done for years and years. Far and away. But sit down. I hope it's nothing unpleasant that's brought you. For your sake, I mean. I'm a stone. Squeeze me and you'll only bruise your fingers."

"That brought me," said the young man, nodding towards the canvas. "I read about it. I saw your wife's photograph. It's—sort of haunted me."

"Quite," said Teddy. "She's lovely. I used to wonder at a consummate master like Greuze so constantly painting a mere pretty face. She was his wife, too, you know. Damned nearly ruined him. A slut she was, they say."

"But," went on his visitor, "it was you I thought of most. It was thinking about you that—that's brought me here. I kept imagining myself in your shoes——"

"Hard to—unless yours are broken too. I needn't try and keep up appearances, need I? They are against me, and they aren't deceptive. I'm a failure—arrant, out-and-out."

"Not while you can paint pictures like that, Mr. Boulton."

"No." Teddy pointed to the packing-case divan.

"Sit down, won't you? And put me out of my suspense. You aren't a reporter, are you? They mobbed me. Offered me a feast for a life-story. I told 'em to go to hell."

"My name's Hugh Coleman. I'm not connected with the Press in any way. Nothing you care to tell me will ever be repeated by me to any living soul. Nor do I wish you to tell me anything——"

"Then I'd like to," broke in Teddy, smiling. "Eight years ago my first picture was hung in the Academy. Eight years ago I made £450 in the year. £450! A Crœsus I was. A jolly old Midas. And then I met Anne. We've been married seven years."

"Seven years! She still looks a mere child."

"She always has. She never was. I believe she lied instead of lay in her little cot. When she was born she only cried when they slapped her to make the doctor pity her. For three years I struggled on painting. Little by little things got to this—look at it! If you want Anne's memorial—circumspisse."

Hugh did look around him, but he did not understand.

"Petty thefts from shops. Long bills. Obtaining credit under false pretences they called it. Borrowing, begging, gambling—Lord knows how she got money and clothes—always new clothes! I left her. Useless. I'd nowhere to go. And she—look at her, man. Unfinished. Only a ghost. Wouldn't you come back—if you were her husband? And she'd weep and cling and promise and swear and I'd be the same old fool and believe her. Did I? Once. Then just shut my eyes. Only I couldn't work. She'd talk. Complain. Nag. They used to duck scolds. Lord, Anne deserved it!"

"But—but this—all you're telling me—is ghastly!"

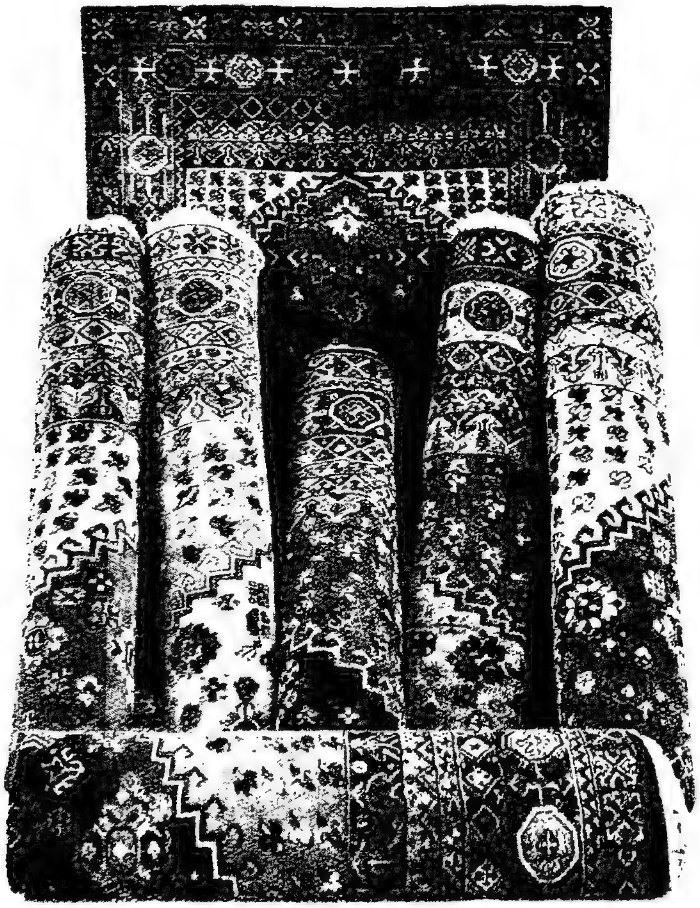
"Pretty ghastly, isn't it? The truth generally is, I find. She used to sell my brushes and canvases. She'd ramp up and down, cursing, while I tried to work. For years I've done nothing. Just pot-boilers. Muck I've sold for a few bob to keep body and soul together. Often I wondered if I wanted to. Keep 'em together, I mean. But now——"

He leapt up, his eyes glowing, full of nervous energy.

"It's a golden opportunity! I've a month—a whole lovely, lonely month! I'm free! I'm going to work—I *have* worked. Look at it. Fine, isn't it? I've had seven years' hard labour, and now I've a month's freedom. I'm going to make the most of it. I'm going to pull up. I drink. You noticed it? That's over. Work. I—I feel as though I'd been reprieved after sentence of death!"

"Mr. Boulton," said Hugh, standing up, one finger on the base of his collar stud, "I—I—you see, I never guessed. How could I? I've been frightfully disturbed. I pitied you profoundly. Then this afternoon I suddenly saw that it was—to use your phrase—a golden opportunity to be a—well, a practical Christian. So I went to Holloway. I paid the £20. Your wife's—below—in my car."

THE END.



ARGRAM

Carpets and Rugs

INEXPENSIVE

BEAUTIFUL

DURABLE

Hand-made in the East specially for Liberty & Co. Ltd., from designs and colours supplied by them.

LUXURIOUS PILE and QUALITY

The beautiful soft colours are unique and in great variety.

Carpets. A large range of sizes from 8 ft. by 5 ft. to 18 ft. by 12 ft. Prices according to size. Example: A carpet measuring 12 ft. by 9 ft. costs £16 . 17 . 6.

Rugs. 5 ft. by 2 ft. 6 ins. costs £2 . 2 . 0, other sizes in proportion up to 7 ft. by 4 ft.

INSPECTION INVITED

LIBERTY & CO., LTD.

Carpet Specialists,

REGENT STREET, LONDON, W.1.

Telephone: Regent 1234.

THE BOON COMPANION

Spring weather!—easterly winds, snow, rain—Spring weather! To enjoy comfort under such conditions one *must* wear The Burberry.

To be warm in the bitterest winds.
To keep dry through the heaviest rains.
To feel healthfully protected wet or fine.

To get all this with a topcoat that is practically weightless, that never tires one to carry; a topcoat with its materials so closely woven that chilly winds cannot penetrate, so faultlessly weatherproof that the heaviest rains are defied.

To get all this one *must* wear The Burberry, the boon companion in bitter cold, bad or better weathers.

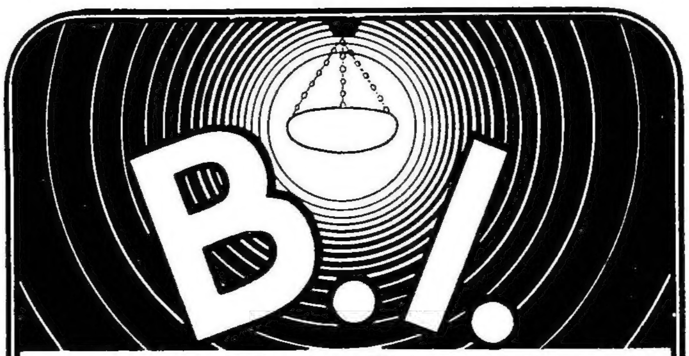
Patterns, illustrations and prices on mention of "The Sketch"

WARNING

No garment or material, unless it is the manufacture or merchandise of Burberrys Limited, may be described as "BURBERRY," a Registered Trade Mark protected all over the world.

N.B.—Proceedings will be taken against offenders using the word "Burberry" wrongfully, whether with or without knowledge.

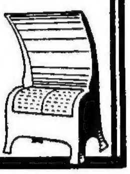
BURBERRYS Ltd. HAYMARKET, LONDON, S.W.1



WIRING SYSTEMS

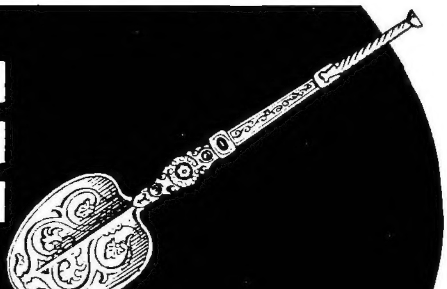
All over the country you will find cottage and castle, mansion and villa enjoying safe, efficient lighting and power through B.I. Wiring Systems—scientifically made, thoroughly insulated, and inexpensive.

SEND FOR BOOKLET giving full details of the most suitable system for every type of building.



BRITISH INSULATED CABLES LTD.
PRESCOT Telephone: Prescot 6571 LANCASHIRE

CUSTOMS THAT TIME HAS HONOURED



THE ANOINTING SPOON.
The anointing of English Kings at their coronation dates from the middle of the 8th century when it was introduced by Egbert, Archbishop of York. The gold Anointing-spoon, fashioned with two hollows in the bowl to receive the fingers of the officiating prelate, is probably the sole existing relic of original English regalia.

THE "Antiquary" is a fine old Liqueur Scotch Whisky, mellowed and softened by Time. It is a whisky to be treated with the respect due to old age; to be savoured and appreciated. With its smoothness, its full body and fine flavour it will delight the palate of the most discriminating connoisseur.

Make it your Home Whisky!

"The Antiquary"
THE FIRST OLD LIQUEUR SCOTCH WHISKY

Supplied only in quarts and magnums. Sold everywhere at home and abroad. If any difficulty in obtaining supplies, please write Sole Proprietors, J. & W. Hardie, Scotland.

THE LITERARY LOUNGER.—(*Continued from Page 94*)

out and spanked for not saying "how-do-you-do" to Monsieur Winterhalter; it was the Prince Consort's order, and Mr. Housman does not disguise the fact that he was a petty tyrant in his home. And feelings, if seldom freely expressed, often run high. The three foreign gentlemen were deeply disgusted when John Brown deprived them of their mounts at Balmoral; while "Mrs. Cuppard," the Canon's wife, created a sensation by refusing to yield up her plate at dinner, though the Queen had finished the course. What would have happened had the interpreter told her what the Shah really said on the occasion of their famous meeting defeats imagination; but no doubt she would have known how to answer him, for she was equal to every occasion. Irreproachably respectful, deliciously urbane, Mr. Housman's "Palace Scenes," give a wonderfully convincing picture of the era and of the woman—so majestic in her littleness—who lent it her name.

BOOKS REVIEWED.

Daughters and Sons. By I. Compton-Burnett. (*Gollancz; 7s. 6d.*)
Horseman on Foot. By Mary Nicholson. (*Longmans; 7s. 6d.*)
Poison Ivy. By Peter Cheyney. (*Collins; 7s. 6d.*)
Palace Scenes. By Laurence Housman. (*Cape; 5s.*)

SOLUTION OF CROSS-WORD PUZZLE, APRIL 7.

ACROSS.—1. Lucifer. 5. Divan. 8. Sponger. 9. Onion. 10. Imp. 11. Sedan. 13. Stile. 14. Alfred. 16. Brogan. 19. Rural. 21. Lemur. 24. Odd. 25. Heels. 26. Kitchen. 27. Miser. 28. Norwich.

DOWN.—1. Lists. 2. Crowd. 3. Fagin. 4. Rarity. 5. Drops. 6. Veiling. 7. Nankeen. 12. Air. 14. Abraham. 15. Fardels. 17. Ode. 18. Bodkin. 20. Loser. 21. Later. 22. Mahdi. 23. Ranch.

PLAYS YOU MUST SEE.

"THE TAMING OF THE SHREW" (New). 8.30.—Edith Evans and Leslie Banks. A wonderful performance.

"HOME AND BEAUTY" (Adelphi). 8.15.—A mad week-end light-operatically revued. Wit and satire by stars.

"SWING ALONG" (Gaiety). 8.15.—Good scenes; good music; good dancing; Leslie Henson on top form.

"JANE EYRE" (Aldwych). 8.30.—Curigwen Lewis and Reginald Tate in the Brontë thriller.

"FRENCH WITHOUT TEARS" (Criterion). 8.40.—Laughter without limit.

PLAYS WELL WORTH SEEING.

"MILE AWAY MURDER" (Duchess). 8.30.—Murder—but how? D. A. Clarke-Smith runs away with it.

"HENRY V." (Old Vic). 8.—Imaginatively produced, with Laurence Olivier and Jessica Tandy.

"THE SQUEAKER" (Strand). 8.30.—A real good Edgar Wallace. A newspaper reporter acts the sleuth.

"GEORGE AND MARGARET" (Wyndham's). 8.30.—The lightest possible plot, but rich comedy.

"SUSPECT" (St. Martin's). 8.30.—Strange, grim sequel to a "Not Proven" verdict. Acting excellent.

"BIG BUSINESS" (London Hippodrome). 8.15.—A Bobby Howes, Vera Pearce, and Wylie Watson combination.

"WISE TO-MORROW" (Lyric). 8.30.—Theatrical career rather than marriage.

"BALALAIKA" (His Majesty's). 8.15.—Pre-war Russian gaiety: songs and dances.

"THE AMAZING DR. CLITTERHOUSE" (Haymarket). 8.30.—"Crime and Research" (!), with Ralph Richardson.

"THE TWO BOUQUETS" (Garrick). 8.30.—A Victorian comedy with music.

"CARELESS RAPTURE" (Drury Lane). 8.—Ivor Novello's new big spectacle; with Dorothy Dickson and Zena Dare.

"THE FROG" (Prince's). 8.10.—All the Edgar Wallace thrills in one, adapted by Ian Hay.

"OVER SHE GOES" (Saville). 8.15.—Slick fooling by Stanley Lupino and Laddie Cliff.

"BUSMAN'S HONEYMOON" (Comedy). 8.30.—Dorothy L. Sayers' Lord Peter Wimsey dramatised.

FILMS YOU MUST SEE.

"THE GOOD EARTH" (Palace Theatre).—Paul Muni and Luise Rainer in an impressive adaptation of a famous novel.

"LA KERMESSE HÉROÏQUE" (Studio One).—A gay comedy of old Flanders.

"ELEPHANT BOY" (Leicester Square Theatre).—Rudyard Kipling's saga of the elephants realistically filmed.

"LLOYD'S OF LONDON" (Gaumont, Haymarket). The romantic history of insurance, starring Madeleine Carroll and Tyrone Power.

FILMS WELL WORTH SEEING.

"WINTER SET" (Regal).—A strong drama of obsessions set in a riverside slum.

"SWING HIGH, SWING LOW" (Carlton).—Carole Lombard and Fred MacMurray in a well-staged romance of vaudeville life.

"DARK JOURNEY" (London Pavilion).—Espionage drama with Vivien Leigh and Conrad Veidt.

"GOLD DIGGERS OF 1937" (Tivoli). The lighter side of life insurance set to music.

"PÉPÉ LE MOKO" (Curzon). An interesting story of outlawry in Algiers.

"STOWAWAY" (New Gallery). Shirley Temple.

PRIVATE PARTIES!

RECEPTIONS, DINNERS, DANCES, ETC.

BANDS

OF ANY SIZE SUPPLIED BY

JACK PAYNE

PERSONAL SUPERVISION

'*Phone*:—LANGHAM 3888-9

Telegrams: ENYAP, WESDO, LONDON.

288 REGENT STREET, LONDON, W.1.

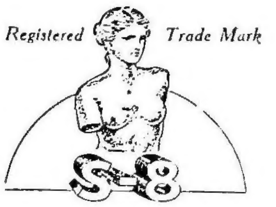
A perfectly moulded bust is the crown of woman's loveliness. Few women, however, can pride themselves that they possess truly graceful contours, and it is only too often these days that modern dress reveals with candour the outline of forms which are imperfect.

Scientific research has led to the discovery of a hormone treatment—the S-8 Brand preparations—which offers woman genuine help in her desire for figure perfection. These hormones exert a powerful though quite harmless influence upon the relaxed or undeveloped bust, correcting its imperfections, thus restoring the breasts to the graceful contours and firmness of youth. The S-8 preparations develop and beautify the figure from within in Nature's own way.

Various formulæ have been prepared to suit individual cases. Their application and effect are fully explained in a scientific and most interesting book. Supported by many colour plates, it gives other important information and prices.

A FIRM and SHAPELY BUST is the ESSENCE of WOMANLY BEAUTY

Registered *Trade Mark*



Brand of Hormone Preparations

Obtainable through High-Class Chemists and Stores or direct from Distributors

● **Write at once for free ILLUSTRATED S-8 BOOK**

Gelty Distributing Co.

158, Oxford Street, London, W.1

This book will be sent post free under plain cover. All correspondence treated in strict confidence.

SUBSCRIPTION RATES OF *The Sketch*

Revised from January 1, 1935.

Published Weekly at 1/-	Twelve months inc'ding Xmas No.	Six months inc'ding Xmas No.	Six months no extras	Three months no extras
	£ s. d.	£ s. d.	£ s. d.	s. d.
INLAND ...	3 1 0	1 11 9	1 9 6	14 9
CANADA ...	3 0 8	1 11 6	1 9 3	14 9
ELSEWHERE ABROAD	3 6 6	1 14 6	1 12 0	16 0

ORDER FORM

TO THE PUBLISHER OF *The Sketch*, 32-34, ST. BRIDE STREET, LONDON, E.C.4.

Please send me THE SKETCH *weekly for* ——— *months, commencing with the issue of* ———

for which I enclose ———

Name ———

Address ———

Date ——— 1937

PRINTED IN ENGLAND by THE ILLUSTRATED LONDON NEWS AND SKETCH, LTD., Milford Lane, London, W.C.2; and Published Weekly at the Office, 32-34, St. Bride Street, London, E.C.4. WEDNESDAY, APRIL 14, 1937. Entered as Second-Class Matter at the New York (N.Y.) Post Office, 1903. Agents for Australasia, Gordon and Gotch, Ltd. Branches: Melbourne, Sydney, Brisbane, Adelaide, and Perth, W.A.; Christchurch, Wellington, Auckland, and Dunedin, N.Z.; Launceston and Hobart, Tasmania.

SPRING COATS

Good clothes need not be expensive. . . . . This well-cut Coat in Blue, Grey or Fawn costs 5 gns. ready-to-wear.

Other Coats from 6 to 10 gns.

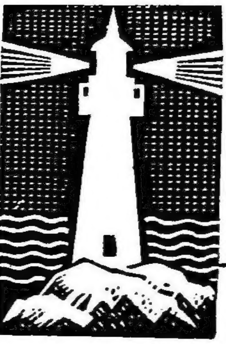
MOSS BROS AND COMPANY · LIMITED

COVENT GARDEN

Corner of King St. and Bedford St., W.C.2

Catalogue on Request

Temple Bar 4477 (Private Bch. Exch.)

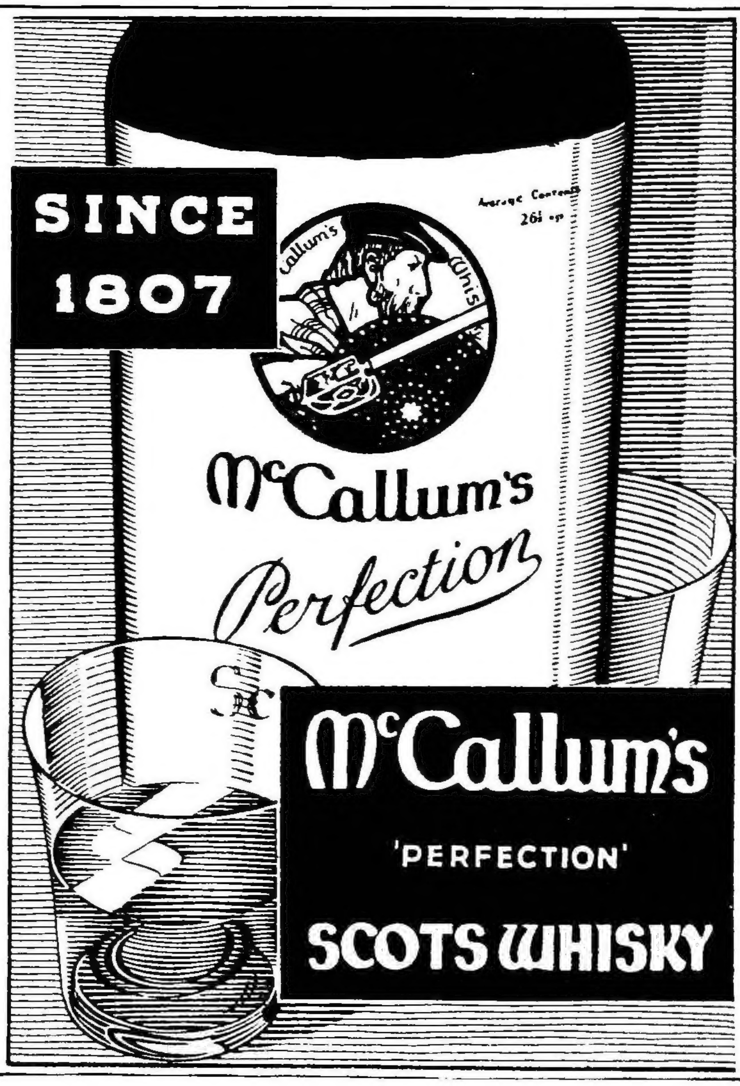


A Complete Resort on the Ayrshire Coast

TURNBERRY HOTEL

ARTHUR TOWLE — LMS hotels — CONTROLLER

EXPRESS SERVICES BY LMS



VICHY-CÉLESTINS

THE WORLD-RENOWNED NATURAL MINERAL WATER

RHEUMATISM

VICHY-CÉLESTINS is Nature's own antidote for warding off the pains and penalties of *Rheumatism.* Drink it *regularly* at meals, and at any other time. *Obtainable everywhere.*

● CAUTION.—See that the label on the bottle bears the name of the Sole Wholesale Agents:
INGRAM & ROYLE LTD.,
Bangor Wharf, 45, Belvedere Road, London.

'Duggie' explains –

"Future Events."

Sir Edward: "Like most backers, Stuart, I am very fond of having a flutter on future events. There is a keen enjoyment in getting on a really good tip when the horse is at a long price and seeing it gradually shorten."

Duggie: "I can quite appreciate that, Sir Edward."

Sir Edward: "Yet, when I enquire the price of a horse of other agents, there's often some hesitation in quoting me the odds I ought to get. What are your rules for this class of business?"

Duggie: "Simple as A B C, Sir Edward. Ring me up any day before 11 a.m. and I guarantee that morning's official *Sporting Life* quotation."

Sir Edward: "But supposing your client requires to invest a large sum of money on a horse, surely you could not execute the whole of the commission at the same price?"

Duggie: "I repeat, Sir Edward, I make no deviation from this rule, irrespective of the amount: as a matter of fact, my clients are so familiar with my methods that they seldom ask me for any particular prices. They merely state the amount they wish to invest, knowing they will receive my vouchers showing their commissions carried out at full market prices."

Sir Edward: "And with regard to doubles on future events?"

Duggie: "These are carried out at full multiplied odds, with no deductions whatever."

Sir Edward: "If, then, I want a 'monkey' on a horse, I can rely upon getting the full market price?"

Duggie: "Certainly, Sir Edward."

"Duggie Explains" series are based on actual conversations held with clients, but names used are entirely fictitious."

"Duggie" is Waiting to Open an Account with You.

Douglas Stuart Ltd.

"Stuart House," Shaftesbury Avenue, London.